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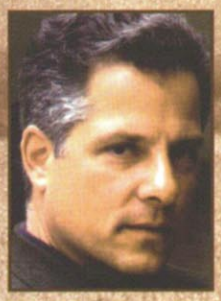
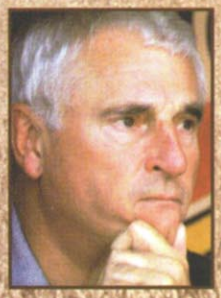
THE AMERICAN ENTERPRISE

POLITICS, BUSINESS, AND CULTURE





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OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 2002

A world of ideas on public policy.

Better Health at Lower Cost? It Won't Equate Unless We Educate

by Karen L. Katen

The twenty-first century has arrived, carrying with it the benefit of ongoing medical innovation and the promise of additional scientific breakthroughs. Today, Americans have the possibility of better health and more effective healthcare than ever before, yet we are not nearly as healthy as we might be. Too many people still suffer from high blood pressure and its associated problems; millions of diabetics cannot control their disease; and men and women throughout the country delay or avoid the health screenings that might save them from cancer and heart disease.

It's not that people don't care – or don't want to know – about their health and well-being. Interest in health has never been higher, with more than 82 percent of Americans wanting a more active role in managing their healthcare. The problem isn't one of interest but of understanding. Too often, people cannot understand the health information they receive from medical professionals, other caregivers, neighbors, or the Internet.

Health literacy – the ability to read, understand, and act upon health information – is fundamental to promoting human health and improving healthcare. Yet in health care settings around the country, the health literacy of patients is often taken for granted. Every day, medical caregivers assume that patients can read, understand, and fill out medical history questionnaires, insurance papers, consent forms, educational pamphlets, and prescription information. But many patients cannot, and their resulting loss of self-esteem and motivation can undermine their opportunities for improved health.

Unfortunately, low health literacy disproportionately affects some of our most vulnerable populations: the poor, the elderly, certain ethnic minorities, and often the chronically ill. At a time when consumers are taking more responsibility for their own healthcare, it is imperative that these groups do not get left behind.

Abandoning these people and others who suffer from poor health literacy is not only unconscionable - it also places a tremendous burden on society. The costs associated with the resulting public health problems – including more frequent and lengthy emergency room and hospital visits, increased Medicare and Medicaid expenditures, and greater out-of-pocket costs incurred by patients – could reach as high as $73 billion annually.

Health literacy – the ability to read, understand, and act upon health information – is fundamental to promoting human health and improving healthcare

But the most important cost is unacceptable human suffering. Adverse health outcomes, such as prolonged sickness and increased morbidity and mortality, are associated with low health literacy. It is unthinkable that with all of the treatments and cures provided by modern science and technology, patients continue to suffer health problems because they cannot understand health instructions, access and use the services available to them and, in short, manage their own health.

Clearly, physicians have the primary challenge in communicating with their patients, but hospitals, health insurers, government agencies, pharmacies, and pharmaceutical companies also bear an important responsibility. Patient communications often meet scientific or regulatory standards but fall well below an individual's ability to understand.

Solving a problem of this complexity requires the articulation of a compelling vision, alignment to a common set of goals, and energetic partnerships among all of those affected: patients and physicians, employers and employees, and the private and public sectors. Pfizer has made a significant commitment to funding long-term research that will help us learn more about the causes, consequences, and remedies of low health literacy. While we await the results of this needed research, we can take some steps immediately.

As a beginning, we can ensure that all health-related communications are simple enough for everyone to understand. At Pfizer, we are redesigning all of our patient-directed communications to meet this standard. We are also striving to make those communications culturally relevant and linguistically accessible to our increasingly diverse population. Government, hospitals, and social service organizations should do the same.

Tackling low health literacy may not seem as glamorous or dramatic as harnessing the genomic revolution to produce a "miracle cure." There are no easy answers or sweeping solutions. But the millions of people who suffer from this condition will be helped sooner and more dramatically by diligence and dedication to this cause than by any science I can see. And it must be done. Our shared belief in doing all that we can do to improve the health of all people requires it. Nothing less will do.

Karen L. Katen is Executive Vice President of Pfizer Inc, President of Pfizer Global Pharmaceuticals, and President, U.S. Pharmaceuticals.

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THE AMERICAN ENTERPRISE
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Bird's Eye

Karl Zinsmeister

They're One of a Kind, and All Around You

"The end of national freedom is individual freedom." That was Irish patriot Patrick Pearse's reminder that the whole purpose of creating and defending a nation is to allow everyday people to live as they choose.

I would go even further: Not only should individual freedom be the *end* of national freedom; it is also the true *source* of national freedom and prosperity. Amidst modern pressures for centralized decisionmaking, it's easy to start thinking that what's important to a society is to have a powerful government, big companies, a glossy culture, lots of interventionist social institutions, and as many "world class" collectively funded entities as possible—from stadiums to shopping malls to state parks to school rooms to supersonic fighters. But truth be told, all these impressive creations are just side effects, the products of a system that puts individual freedom first. Making construction of strong institutions and slick stuff a higher priority than letting individuals carve lives of their own choosing will only produce a nation where few things work really well.

Alexis de Tocqueville compared the monarchical France of his day (where gilded lords organized all the great projects) to democratically fragmented frontier America. He was "struck by the innumerable multitude of little undertakings," and recorded his "daily astonishment at the immense works carried through…by a nation which, one may say, has no rich men."

Reading through Benjamin Franklin's autobiography recently, I noticed the American ordinariness of Franklin's successes. Ben was just another smart kid, not categorically different from millions of other energetic 17-year-olds feeling stifled by their home town societies. In most eras and most countries, that stultification would just be tough luck. But Franklin lived in an unusual civilization which allowed individuals to dramatically change the direction of their lives. And once he found his natural niche, he began to gush out productive innovations.

Individual invention is the story of America. We have unprecedented opportunities to choose our own course, and in the process we often break down old problems in dramatic ways. Of course, different people will take advantage of this rare freedom to different degrees, in different ways, and at different stages of their lives. Lots of folks, displaying an eerie lackawanna, will never quite get out of their easy chairs. A few will be like Bob Coté (profiled on page 20), who literally pissed the first decade or so of his adulthood into a gutter before rising to become a swirling dynamo of life-transforming activism. Then there are Andres Duany-types who erupt with red hot energy and fresh ideas nearly every waking hour (page 14). Others such as Linda Chavez (a small portion of whose new autobiography we extract on page 34) seem driven by ghosts to escape the limitations imposed on them by birth or fortune.

Americans like the Western sodbreakers Blake Hurst interviews on page 28 just chug away quietly over a lifetime, exhibiting great stamina in the face of obstacles thrown in their path by tyrants abroad, autocrats at home, and harsh nature. It took the Reverend

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Hudson Stuck—a bookish Englishman who reinvented himself as a saver of Indian souls—until he was nearly 50 to become a mountain-climbing hero (page 36).

The aim of this installment of *The American Enterprise* is to sketch and analyze a selection of strong, quirky, and independent "American Originals" like these. We believe you'll enjoy their stories, but our deeper purpose is to help you think through the influences that produce thick crops of similarly impressive men and women in communities all across our nation. Such citizens are no small matter, for a country is ultimately defined not by its laws or its economy or its geography, but by the quality of its people.

Baby bees, an acquaintance of a beekeeper tells me, must force their way, with great effort, out of the wax capsules in which they mature. It is a difficult struggle, but the effort of pressing through the sealed cap cleans the bees' wings of sticky substances that could otherwise inhibit their flying. Occasionally, moths will get into hives and eat the tops off of the nursery cells. This allows the baby bees to emerge effortlessly, but because the coatings on their wings are not rubbed off in the process, many of these fledglings are unable to fly.

For humans as much as bees, struggle is often necessary for the creation of a strong and durable character. Certainly Bob Coté's success in reforming derelicts stems in large measure from the hard lessons he learned and the tenacity he developed in first rescuing himself from dissipation. Take away his misery and you'd take away his potency. That's a sobering observation for us air-conditioned, shock-absorbed, increasingly coddled Americans.

Another admonition that emerges from Coté's story is the importance of individual accountability, and of the personal touch. Oscar Wilde once wrote that "the chief advantage that would result from the establishment of socialism" is that it "would relieve us from the sordid necessity of living for others, which presses so heavily upon almost everybody." Wilde wanted the state to take care of the less fortunate so he'd be off the hook. Against this way of thinking Coté is a walking, talking thunderclap. Material help disconnected from human concern and close monitoring not only won't help the less fortunate, he says, it will actually make their lives *worse*. So don't expect cool, distant bureaus to replace active individuals as solvers of tough social problems. It won't work. We're always going to need ardent American Originals.

Vigorous, free-living people are, by definition, often jarring. Bobby Knight, scrutinized on page 24, is a prime example. Certainly no one will ever mistake Mr. Knight for Mr. Rogers. Most of the Bobby-Knight-is-a-psycho image, however, has been manufactured by pithless journalists who are either intimidated or offended by his hard-nosed masculine personality. Knight-haters seem to be more motivated by a censorious political correctness and a disdain for fierce men than by any fair assessment of his career. And if an American in Knight's line of work isn't allowed to be ferocious, who is? Do we really want all our male leaders to be fuzzy-eyed teddybears?

The unfortunate reality is that many of the American Originals we profile in this issue have run awry of the sensitivity police in one way or another. Like Knight, Bob Coté and Linda Chavez have been hounded by the perpetually offended. The plucky Klamath Basin farmers whose tale we tell in our third feature have come under attack from the liberal establishment in ways that directly imperil their way of life.

Each of these worthies has fired back, often along the lines of the historic declaration of rebellion made by Clarence Thomas (another American Original who often finds himself in left-wing crosshairs). In 1998, Thomas declared to a cluck-clucking National Bar Association convention, "I come here today…to assert my right to think for myself, to refuse to have my ideas assigned to me.... I come to state that I'm a man, free to think for myself and do as I please." That is the unstifled cry of American Originals everywhere.

Fortunately, ample courage, originality, and native wit exist to keep us supplied with leadership from American Originals for the foreseeable future. I run into fresh, pungent, impressively independent characters in many parts of the country. Just a few weeks ago, while backpacking in Wyoming, I met a handsome woman in her early 20s working alone as a ranger in a wilderness cabin with no electricity or phone, surrounded by challenging topography and predatory animals. She works armed with a can of pepper spray to slow down grizzlies, a map/compass/and GPS receiver, a hip-mounted water bladder, and a knife and automatic pistol with several extra clips on her belt. Tough gal. One of five children of a railroad mechanic, raised in splendid isolation on a ranch, with a brother who makes his living riding broncos bareback in rodeos. She's an anonymous Westerner, not a celebrity or a politically important person, but just the kind of sturdy, self-reliant citizen who keeps this nation hard and unbought.

American Originals needn't be rural autarks. My partner on this fathers-and-sons backpacking week was a pal who had never slept a night on the ground before our trip. A real city and computers and civilization guy. But also a very tough cookie, and someone who has created an impressive life for himself from scratch. His father came to this country from Greece, and reached the end of his days as he had begun them—essentially illiterate. Son George studied his way into Cornell University and then law school; now he's a district attorney in New York state. Another American Original.

They're around you—if you look. Praise be.

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Sidelights

Big Brothers Big Sisters of America now requires its local affiliates to enlist homosexuals as volunteers and mentors. Parents with children enrolled in school-based BBBSA programs will not be informed if their child is matched with a homosexual. ❦ A math test given to students at Juniper Middle School in Manitoba featured the question, "Rufus is a pimp for three girls. If the price is $65 per trick, how many tricks per day must each girl turn to support Rufus' $800 per day crack habit?" ❦ Iran raised the age at which a girl can get married without her parents' consent to 13. The previous age of consent was nine. ❦ The Iraqi News Agency quotes Nation of Islam leader **Louis Farrakhan** as saying, "The Muslim American people are praying to the almighty God to grant victory to Iraq" in the event of war with the U.S.

Libertine *Village Voice* sex columnist (and **Al Gore** supporter) **Dan Savage** wrote that the "recently unveiled **Bush** Doctrine is a necessary evil. Ask yourself this question and answer it honestly: If it was within your power in August of last year to order a preemptive strike that would've prevented the attacks of September 11, would you have done it? Of course you would. That's the Bush Doctrine." ❦ **Mona Baker**, of Britain's University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology, dismissed two Israeli scholars from the academic journals she edits, because of their nationality. "I deplore the Israeli state," she told the *Telegraph*. "Israel has gone beyond just war crimes. It is horrific what is going on there." ··· Los Angeles economist **Glenn Yago** has formed Pups for Peace, an organization that will buy and train bomb-sniffing dogs for Israel to use in preventing terrorism. ❦ Italy will assist America in developing a missile defense system, making it the first European country to cooperate on the project.

There are 9,000 witches in Australia, according to the 2001 census, an increase of 350 percent in five years. Witchcraft is now the fastest-growing "religion" in the country. ❦ Thirty-one Ugandan prisoners escaped custody when their guards left to chase a rabbit. ··· An escaped prisoner in Panama was eaten by a crocodile while trying to swim to freedom. ❦ Speaking at a recent conference, **Jesse Jackson** referred to police officers as "the militia" and said there "is a pattern of African Americans being beaten by the militia and killed by the militia.... These are all acts of terror, and we really need to get a definition of terrorism. Unarmed citizens being beaten and killed by the militia is an act of terrorism." ❦ Under pressure from health food activists, California education officials banned mention of "foods of low nutritive value" in its schoolbooks. The short story "A Perfect Day for Ice Cream" is now simply titled "A Perfect Day." ··· Washington state banned references to "Orientals" in statutes, codes, rules, and regulations. They will now be called "Asians."

"We were on our way home from the park when all of a sudden he ran away."

"Let me tell you what is impressive. You're not wearing a flag...I say hip-hip-hooray for that," observed **Phil Donahue** to **Tom Brokaw** during an interview. "I think if you wear a flag, it's a suggestion somehow that you're endorsing what the administration is doing at the time. And I don't think journalists ought to be wearing flags." ❦ The Polish Law and Justice party is urging that a reference to God be placed in future EU constitutional treaties. The party believes "Europe needs a reliable spirit and moral fundament. Europe's political unity cannot be built without cultural unity which at core is a relationship with God." ··· Poles bested all other Europeans in a test of history and current events sponsored by *Reader's Digest*. Britain and Portugal finished last.

The European Union and its single currency, the euro, won't last longer than ten years, predicts economist and Nobel Laureate **Milton Friedman**. ❦ A British theater company has dropped the word "hunchback" from its stage version of the classic novel *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* to avoid offending the disabled. The new title is *The Bellringer of Notre Dame*. —*BB*

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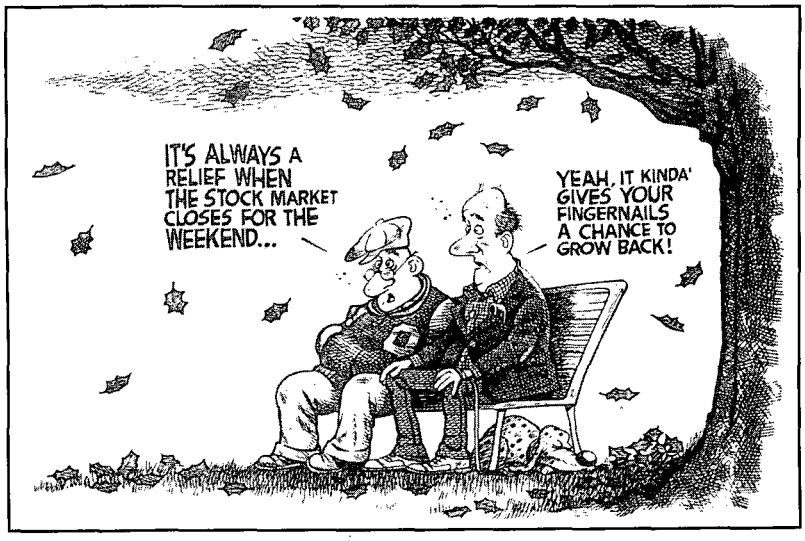

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AFGHAN PROMISE

Dr. Abdullah Abdullah, Afghanistan's foreign minister, is one of his troubled homeland's brightest lights. A medical doctor by training, he joined Ahmad Shah Massoud's *mujahedin* fighters against both the Soviets and the Taliban. As the Taliban pushed back Massoud's Northern Alliance in the 1990s, Abdullah emerged as one of the coalition's most important spokesmen and was among Massoud's closest advisers.

Before September 11 he was doomed to play Cassandra, wandering the world's capitals to warn mostly deaf ears of the dangers posed by the Taliban and al-Qaeda. During a recent visit to Washington he gave an exclusive interview to *TAE* senior editor Eli Lehrer and intern Ned Andrews.

TAE: There was a close correlation between the September 9 assassination of Ahmad Shah Massoud, leader of the Northern Alliance, and the September 11 attacks on the United States. Is there any hard evidence linking the two events?
ABDULLAH: The links between some of the assassins and al-Qaeda are well known. A few people have been arrested in connection with it, and the investigations are continuing.
TAE: What is Afghanistan's view of the escalating violence in Israel?
ABDULLAH: There is a conflict there that has deep roots. That conflict has to be solved through peaceful means: Israel has the right to a state and its security, and the rights of Palestinians to a state and security must be protected as well. That's how the conflict could be resolved. Having been involved in a conflict for so many years in Afghanistan, I am confident that unless the root causes of the conflict are addressed, other methods will not work.
TAE: Do you believe that Osama bin Laden and Taliban leader Mullah Omar Mohammad are still alive?
ABDULLAH: I do. As long as they are alive they can hide, but if they are dead, they cannot. Their deaths would be news that would spread anyway. Nobody could hide it.
TAE: Many of the Gulf states supported the Taliban either directly or passively. Are these countries that Afghanistan will be able to work with now?
ABDULLAH: We have started a new phase of relations with all countries. What we need in Afghanistan is stability and help with our efforts to rebuild the country. Al-Qaeda was an overwhelming force; when it allied with the Taliban, it was like a blackmailer against some countries.
TAE: What impact do you think Vice President Abdul Qadir's assassination will have on the current government? Do you fear for your safety as a result of it?
ABDULLAH: It's an incident which has taken place in a country where 700,000 people are armed. Al-Qaeda is not gone: Its members are close by, if not inside the country. Events like that cannot be prevented altogether. It shouldn't preoccupy us.

I am not worried; I have survived so many things. We have to forget about it, and build the nation.

I am struck when people say: "Qadir's death was a big loss for the Pashtun." No, it's a big loss for Afghanistan. He was a Pashtun who voted for a non-Pashtun president. He wanted unity. He was a national figure.
TAE: What role do you envision for group identity in Afghanistan's future?
ABDULLAH: From time to time, foreigners have misused differences of language, ethnic group, and religious sect in Afghanistan. The Taliban were considered a Pashtun movement. They were not! They were a transnational movement associated with deadly terrorists.

What Afghanistan needs is a national identity. This is not a problem among the grassroots of the nation. There, wisdom prevails. Where it is lacking is among the intellectuals, among the professors in the universities, who are just fueling this problem all the time.

President Hamid Karzai was elected by something like 1,300 votes out of 1,600. Were all of those 1,300 votes from people who were ethnically Pashtun like President Karzai himself? No. They were from all ethnic groups. This shows the understanding that exists among the Afghan people.

THE PURPOSE OF FREEDOM

Excerpted from remarks by President George W. Bush at the Ohio State University commencement:

Some needs government cannot fulfill, like the need for kindness, and for understanding, and for love. A person in crisis

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IF ONLY OUR PRESIDENT SPOKE SO CLEARLY

"The Saudis are active at every level of the terror chain, from planners to financiers, from cadre to foot soldier, from ideologist to cheerleader."

"Saudi Arabia supports our enemies and attacks our allies."

Saudi Arabia is "the kernel of evil, the prime mover, the most dangerous opponent" in the Middle East.

—From a Pentagon briefing delivered by Rand Corporation analyst Laurent Murawiec.

often needs more than a program or a check; he needs a friend—and that friend can be you. We are commanded by God and called by our conscience to love others as we want to be loved ourselves....

Service is important in your own life, in your own character. No one can tell you how to live or what cause to serve. But everyone needs some cause larger than his or her own profit. Apathy has no adventures. Cynicism leaves no monuments. And a person who is not responsible for others is a person who is truly alone. By sharing the pain of a friend, or bearing the hopes of a child, or defending the liberty of your fellow citizens, you will gain satisfaction that cannot be gained in any other way. Service is not a chain or a chore—it gives purpose to your freedom....

We serve others because we're Americans, and we want to do something for the country we love. Our nation is the greatest force for good in history—and we show our gratitude by doing our duty.... Each of us has a bond with every other American. Patriotism is proven in our concern for others—a willingness to sacrifice for people we may never have met or seen. Patriotism is our obligation to those who have gone before us, to those who will follow us, and to those who have died for us.

In March of this year, Army Ranger Marc Anderson died in Afghanistan, trying to rescue a Navy SEAL. Marc and five others gave their lives in fulfilling the Ranger creed: "I will never leave a fallen comrade to fall into the hands of the enemy."

Marc, from Westerville, Ohio, was a remarkable man. Instead of pursuing a career that might have made him wealthy, Marc decided to be a math teacher in a high school in a tough neighborhood. He was a mentor, a tutor, and the best teacher many students ever had.

After September 11, Marc joined the fight against terrorism. "I'm trained and I'm ready," he wrote to his friends. Before Marc left for Afghanistan, he arranged for part of his life insurance to pay for one of his former students to attend college. Today, that student—Jennifer Massing—plans to go to the University of Florida to study architecture.

Marc Anderson considered this country great enough to die for.... America needs men and women who respond to the call of duty, who stand up for the weak, who speak up for their beliefs, who sacrifice for a greater good. America needs your energy, and your leadership, and your ambition. And through the gathering momentum of millions of acts of kindness and decency, we will change America one soul at a time.

SUGARCOATING POISON

Millions of decent Americans are forced today to wage a continual battle to preserve the innocence of their children—particularly in sexual matters—against a rising tide of corrupting influences in the media, public schools, and the culture at large. Some trusting parents assume that no one would promote truly deviant actions. Certain things just seem so unthinkable and unspeakable that people lose vigilance in opposing activists who are quite ready to think, speak, and do precisely the unthinkable.

Hence the perverse service that Joycelyn Elders has performed by contributing a preface to a new book by Judith Levine called *Harmful To Minors*, which is all about "The Perils of Protecting Children From Sex." This book explicitly advocates the view that sexual activity among young people is a good thing, and that sex between adults and children isn't necessarily bad. Dr. Elders, Bill Clinton's surgeon general, has contributed an aura of "educational" legitimacy to sugarcoat this very real poison.

What is the appropriate response to such arguments? We must unconditionally reject them—with outrage against those who have already been acting on the Levine doctrine. The sexual "liberation" of children represents a failure to teach the hearts, minds, and consciences of children that their sexuality is rooted in the moral possibilities of human life—the relationships, responsibilities, and commitments that are the keys to genuine happiness.

The Planned Parenthood "sex education" mantra assumes there is a body of factual knowledge that, once acquired by 13-year-olds, will allow them to take responsible sexual actions. But what sexual responsibility really requires is formation of character. It requires the ability to forego present gratification for future goods. It requires an appreciation of the importance of honor, decency, and family obligation. The knowledge that produces humane sexual choices comes from moral experience that is simply not available to the young.

Moral character grows out of individual struggle with powerful passions during the years of maturation. The idea that young children can just be "informed" about body mechanics and then deftly manage sexual practices is absurd. Whatever the "liberationists" may claim, what invariably occurs whenever children

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become sexually involved is exploitation.

Children must make the connection between the discipline and the love that binds all healthy families. They must learn what it truly means to be a mother or a father. At that point their attention starts naturally to focus on assuming those roles for themselves.

Then—and only then—as their moral character solidifies toward adulthood, can they fruitfully discover the mysteries of marital love.

–Alan Keyes *is a national political commentator.*

STICK WITH STOCKS

The U.S. stock market has wobbled through this summer with some heart-stopping swings, scaring many investors in other directions. They are making a mistake. Under any sensible analysis of return and risk, a diversified portfolio of shares in good businesses remains the best long-term investment.

Ibbotson Associates, the Chicago research firm, found that from 1926 to 2001, the average annual return, after inflation, of the stocks in the Standard & Poor's 500 was 7.6 percent. This compares with just 2.2 percent for Treasury bonds. In other words, stocks return more than three times as much as bonds. Thanks to compounding, after 30 years, an investment of $10,000 in stocks will rise, on average, to more than $90,000, while a similar investment in bonds will rise to less than $20,000.

Higher returns are normally correlated with higher risk, but Jeremy Siegel of the Wharton School and others have found that if stocks are held over long periods, risk declines dramatically. Mr. Siegel looked at nearly 200 years, and found that during their worst 20-year period ever, stocks *rose* more than 20 percent. But for bonds, the worst 20 years produced a *loss* of 60 percent. Mr. Siegel concluded that "the safest long-term investment for the preservation of purchasing power has clearly been stocks, not bonds."

How can bonds be risky? Nearly all bonds are exposed to inflation, which erodes principal. Businesses can respond by raising prices, so stocks increase their earnings fairly consistently from year to year. Sure, there will be recessions and bad profit news from time to time. But in the end, the growing economy will pull firms' profits, and share prices, upward again.

On August 13, 1982, the Dow closed at 777. Even today, after the second-worst bear market of the post-World War II era, it has risen 11-fold without counting dividends. For the 20 years ending on December 31, 2001, large-cap stocks returned an annual average of 15.2 percent. These valuations are a rational response to the truth about stocks—that they provide high returns at risk levels about equal to bonds.

If stocks are no more risky than bonds, yet return much more than bonds over the longterm, who do many people avoid stocks? A 1997 paper by Mr. Siegel and Richard Thaler of the University of Chicago blamed "myopic risk aversion." In other words, investors are so frightened of short-term losses in the stock market that they can't see beyond their noses.

We believe this irrational risk aversion to stocks has begun to decline, thanks mainly to the improving financial education of the American public and the rise of defined-contribution retirement plans such as 401(k)s. The United States has been through a lot in the last three years: the impeachment of a President, a disputed election for the first time in a century, the first attack on the U.S. mainland since the War of 1812, the first recession in ten years, corporate scandals, and a political response that could harm the business climate. Yet price-earnings ratios remain higher than historic averages. We take this as evidence of a growing understanding among Americans of the long-term superiority of stocks as wealth-building tools.

But not everyone is showing good sense. The debunked strategy of market timing, for instance, is enjoying a revival. A leading and currently celebrated pro-

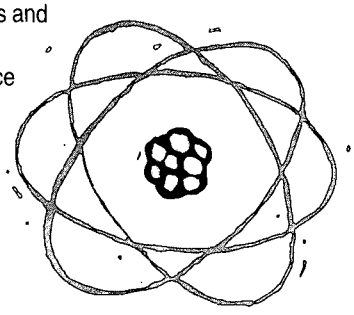
NEW ELEMENT DISCOVERED!

This science bulletin is floating around the Internet:

A major research institution recently announced the discovery of the heaviest element yet known to science, tentatively named "Administratium."

Administratium has 1 neutron, 12 assistant neutrons, 75 deputy neutrons, and 111 assistant deputy neutrons, giving it an atomic mass of 312. These 312 particles are held together by a force called morons, which are surrounded by vast quantities of peons.

Administratium is entirely inert; indeed, it impedes every reaction with which it comes into contact. In the presence of even a minute amount of Administratium, a reaction that would normally require less than a second takes a week to complete. Administratium has a half-life of four years; it does not decay, but instead undergoes a reorganization, in which a portion of the assistant neutrons and deputy neutrons and assistant deputy neutrons exchange places.



Administratium's mass will increase over time, since each reorganization causes some morons to become isodopes. This characteristic of moron-promotion leads some scientists to speculate that Administratium is formed whenever morons reach a certain quantity of concentration, referred to as "critical morass." You will know it when you see it.

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ponent is Robert Schiller, the economist whose model called for a 38 percent decline in 1996 with the Dow in the 5000s. Six years later, the market is up 67 percent, not down.

Unfortunately, some politicians, journalists, and financiers have a vested interest in spreading fear and chasing people out of stocks. Don't listen. Stock investing remains by far the most reliable route to accumulating wealth in America.

—TAE *contributing writers* **James Glassman** *and* **Kevin Hassett** *are authors of* Dow 36,000.

CHINESE-AMERICANS LEARN THE VICTIM GAME

The Committee of 100, an organization composed of prominent Chinese-Americans like cellist Yo-Yo Ma and architect I. M. Pei, has recently been busy apologizing for the communist regime in China. In July, the Committee wagged its finger at the U.S.-China Security Review Commission for reporting that the current Chinese government poses a grave challenge to U.S. national security interests.

According to the Congressionally appointed commission, Beijing supplies rogue states like Iraq, Iran, Libya, and North Korea with weapons of mass destruction; builds up its military in preparation for a takeover of democratic Taiwan; attempts to steal technology through Chinese nationals studying and working in the U.S.; undercuts the U.S. in international parlays; and brainwashes Chinese citizens with anti-Americanism to the point where many Chinese gloated over September 11.

Rather than condemning China for these abuses, the Committee of 100 denounced the Security Review Commission for engaging in "ethnic stereotyping." The loyalty of all Chinese-Americans has been questioned by the commission, they squealed.

The Committee has quite a history of being outraged. When Congress investigated the mid-1990s attempts of the Chinese government to infiltrate American politics through illegal campaign contributions, the Committee cried racism. When *National Review* portrayed the Clintons and Al Gore in Manchurian garb in a caricature, the magazine was accused of racism by Asian groups, complete with street protests and television appearances. *TAE*'s own cover for July/August 1998—a photo of a scowling Chinese man—inspired similar howls.

With this latest posturing, the Committee of 100 has shown itself to be just another peddler of ethnic victimization, a group utterly unprepared to tell the painful truth about contemporary China. If they were truly committed to the interests of Chinese-Americans, they would start by channeling some of their abundant outrage against China's oppressive government.

—**Ying Ma** *is a student at Stanford University Law School.*

GUN BANS DON'T CUT CRIME

Guns are used defensively about 2 million times each year in the U.S., according to national surveys. Physically weaker victims (women and the elderly) and those most likely to be victims of crime (particularly the poor and blacks) benefit the most from owning a firearm.

Too often, gun laws that purport to make life safer actually do the opposite, because the rules are obeyed by law-abiding citizens, not by would-be criminals—which only makes committing crime easier. One would never know it from reading the news, but not a single academic study has shown that the federal Brady Law, state waiting periods, background checks, assault-weapons bans, one-gun-a-month rules, or safe-storage laws significantly reduce violent crime. Some research even finds that these regulations increase crime.

Advocates of "reasonable" gun laws need only look at Europe to see what the future holds. Europe has everything American gun-control proponents favor, but the three worst public shootings in the past year all occurred in Europe. Each took place in a so-called gun-free "safe zone." With violent crime on the rise, even draconian gun laws have not impeded European criminals' access to guns; only law-abiding citizens are kept unarmed.

Around the world, from Australia to England, countries that have strengthened

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gun-control laws with the promise of lowering crime have instead seen violent crime soar. In the four years after the U.K. banned handguns in 1996, gun crime rose by an astounding 40 percent. Since Australia's 1996 laws outlawing most guns and making it a crime to use a gun defensively, armed robberies rose by 51 percent, unarmed robberies by 37 percent, assaults by 24 percent, and kidnappings by 43 percent. While murders fell by 3 percent, manslaughter rose by 16 percent.

Gun control may sound reasonable, but the hard fact is this: The countries with the highest crime rates today ban guns.

—**John Lott, Jr.,** *is a resident scholar at AEI.*

THANK YOU, LAWYERS

Three of the largest insurance companies that provide medical malpractice insurance in Florida have recently gone bankrupt or stopped writing policies. Those remaining are escalating rates to cover costs. Why? Because of runaway lawsuits that make health care evermore expensive and discourage innovative treatments.

Insurance companies now "feel it is cheaper and safer to settle malpractice cases out of court than to risk large jury awards.... This litigious feeding frenzy is fueled by the unceasing plaintiff attorney advertising," complains one doctor. The social penalties "are coming to all of us in higher health care premiums, car insurance, workers compensation fees, and homeowners insurance," he maintains.

The malpractice insurance premiums of this particular physician, a family practitioner, have risen in recent years from $2,400 to $10,000 a month. Jeffrey Keller, a gastroenterologist who is retiring at age 47, reports that soaring insurance premiums are "a very significant factor" in his decision. Meanwhile, most of the dollars won by trial lawyers in malpractice suits go not to patients but to the attorneys—59 percent according to one consulting firm.

Specialists "are afraid to try anything new and risky, even though it might be better for the patient," says one surgeon. Legal worries drive many doctors to prescribe medicines and order tests they believe are unnecessary, just to protect themselves from potential lawsuits by patients. "We are seeing a crisis," says Dr. Frank Farmer, president of the Florida Medical Association. "The number of awards and amounts are astronomical."

In many states, the trial lawyers have seen to it that there is no cap on the amount of punitive and "pain and suffering" damages a softhearted jury may award a plaintiff. In the past eight years, the average jury award has tripled in medical malpractice cases. In product liability cases, it has quadrupled. That's why insurance companies try to settle out of court.

All this has encouraged frivolous suits. More than 80 percent of the claims against physicians handled by Florida's largest insurer now close without any compensation.

None of this is likely to improve until politicians put some limits on the powers of trial lawyers—perhaps the most potent lobby now operating in American elections.

—**Tait Trussell** *is a* TAE *contributing writer.*

TOO TRUE

A doctor, a lawyer, and a mathematician were debating which profession appeared first in the Bible.

"God removed a rib from Adam to make Eve," said the doctor. "That's a surgical procedure, so doctors came first."

"No, no," countered the mathematician. "At the very beginning was chaos. God created order out of chaos, and that required math. So my profession was mentioned first."

The lawyer smiled coyly. "And who," he replied, "do you think created the chaos?"

PROGRESS?

Teaching Math in 1950: A logger sells a truckload of lumber for $100. His cost of production is 4/5 of the price. What is his profit?

Teaching Math in 1960: A logger sells a truckload of lumber for $100. His cost of production is 4/5 of the price, or $80. What is his profit?

Teaching Math in 1970: A logger exchanges a set of lumber (L) for a set of money (M). Make 100 dots representing the elements of the set M. The set C, the cost of production, contains 20 fewer dots than M. Represent C as a subset of M and answer: What is the cardinality of the set P, profits?

Teaching Math in 1980: A logger sells a truckload of lumber for $100. His cost of production is $80 and his profit is $20. Your assignment: Underline the number 20.

Teaching Math in 1990: By cutting down beautiful forest trees, the logger makes $20. What do you think of this way of making a living? Topic for class discussion: How did the forest birds and squirrels feel as the logger cut the trees? There are no wrong answers.

Teaching Math in 2000: A logger sells a truckload of lumber for $100. His cost of production is $120. How does Arthur Andersen determine that his profit margin is $60?

Teaching Math in 2010: El hachero vende un camion carga por $100. La cuesta de production es...

—Courtesy of professor emeritus John Shelton Reed

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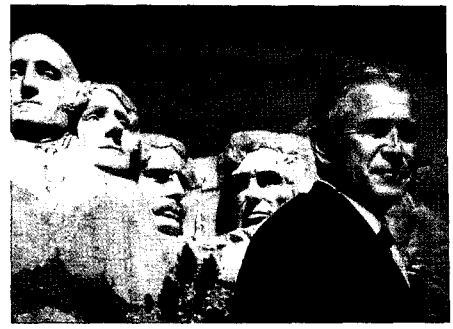
Politico

Grover Norquist



The Conservative Calm

George W. Bush campaigned as a Reagan conservative and has now signed the liberal campaign finance legislation that assaults our First Amendment, enacted a budget-busting farm subsidy bill, created 20,000 new federal employees by federalizing airport security, and placed stiff tariffs on imported steel. Nonetheless, Bush remains popular with conservative voters and has strong support from conservative leaders. Why?

Three reasons. First, like Ronald Reagan, George W. Bush understands the nature and structure of the modern conservative movement. The Reagan Republican Party is a coalition of groups and citizens that want government to leave them alone. Taxpayers, for example, do not want their taxes raised; property owners, likewise, do not want to be told Al Gore now has dominion over their backyards because it turned into a wetland in last night's rain; homeschoolers and people of faith wish to be left alone to raise their children as they see fit.

The President has kept faith with the primary concerns of each of these groups. Yes, the National Rifle Association, the Right to Life Committee, and nearly all national taxpayers groups opposed the campaign finance bill he signed. But these constituencies vote primarily on their main issues of guns, abortion, and taxes, not campaign finance.

The Bush administration, in other words, has disappointed his base on secondary and tertiary topics of concern, while holding true on the primary issues. Our current President's father, by contrast, alienated nearly every part of the Reagan coalition on its primary issues. Bush the Elder raised taxes, undermined property rights, signed a ban on so-called "assault weapons," and poured regulatory burdens on the business community to please environmental and disability activists. Ultimately, he kept faith only with the pro-life groups.

When coalition members are crossed on a secondary issue, they are disappointed. But they generally remain loyal. Crossed on a primary issue, they drift away.

The second reason that the current Bush administration's deviations from ideological purity have not led to open revolt is that the conservative movement and its leaders are more mature, patient, and competent than they once were. In 1980, Ronald Reagan did what many thought impossible and won the Presidency as a strong conservative. Many conservatives consequently expected all their wishes to be granted—despite Reagan's reasonably narrow margin of victory, a Democrat-controlled House of Representatives, and a not-very-conservative Senate. In a 1983 symposium published in *Policy Review,* ten of 12 writers—prominent conservatives all—attacked the Reagan administration as a failure.

In 1994, Newt Gingrich also did what many thought impossible and won Republicans a majority in the House of Representatives. He met with similarly unrealistic expectations on the Right as to what could be accomplished in an era when Republicans held only a tenuous grasp on the Senate, while facing a Democratic President in the White House.

George W. Bush and Dennis Hastert, on the other hand, were not swept into office as heroic conservative revolutionaries. Neither members of Congress nor activists had unrealistic expectations of either man. The normal political disappointments, therefore, have not been seen as gross failures or betrayals. The conservative movement understands that the Democrats have a majority in the Senate, and that not every conservative wish can become reality. It's not that conservatives have low expectations of Bush and Hastert—they have realistic ones.

The third reason for conservative calm is the lack of alternatives to George W. Bush. There is no governor, House member, or senator who stands as a viable challenger or even point of reference. The one prominent Republican left standing after the 2000 primaries was John McCain. The Arizona senator, however, has destroyed his relationship with the Republican and conservative base through his ceaseless and irrational attacks on President Bush, and his loud assaults on conservative issues. On taxes, guns, religion, even exploring for oil in Alaska, McCain is on the wrong side. Only left-wing magazines now relish the possibility that he might run for President.

George W. Bush has pleased every key Republican constituency on its central issues. The movement has applied realistic expectations to his Presidency. There is no alternative to his leadership. No wonder conservatives seem comparatively content.

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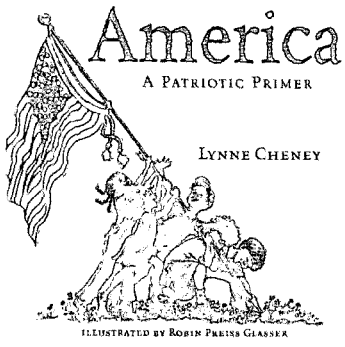
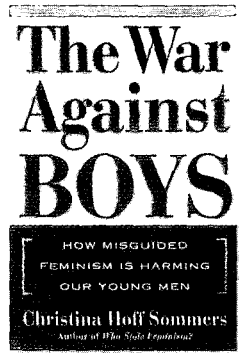


America: A Patriotic Primer

By Lynne Cheney

An ABC history of the U.S. written by our Vice President's wife for children and families to pore over, discuss, and cherish.

(hardcover, a $16.95 value)

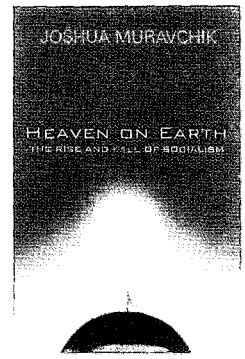


The War Against Boys

By Christina Hoff Sommers

The social and educational struggles of boys are aggravated by a prejudice that punishes them simply for being male.

(cloth, a $25.00 value)



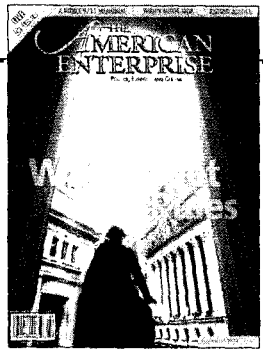
Heaven on Earth

By Joshua Muravchik

"Tells the story of socialism through the lives of its leaders. So different from the dreary abstractions of most histories of socialism...an excellent read."

—historian Paul Johnson

(hardcover, a $27.95 value)



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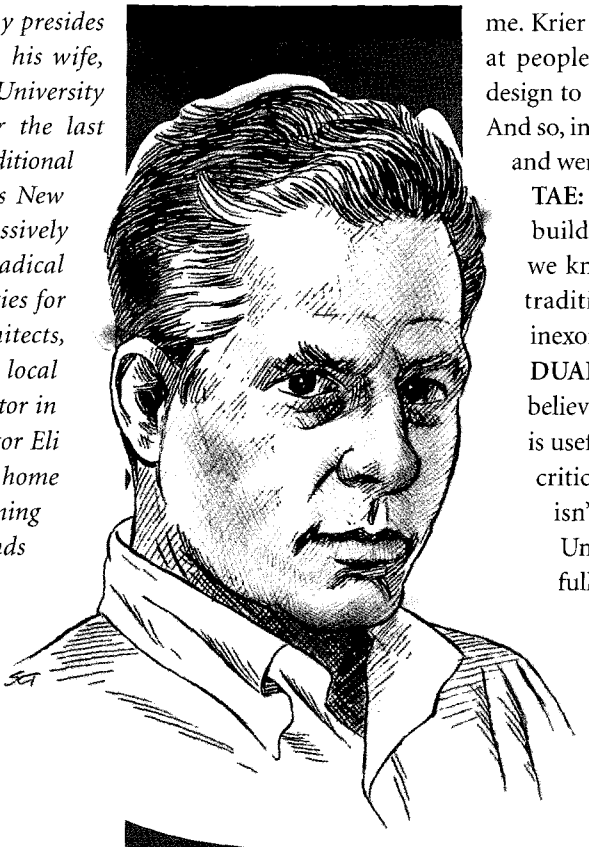
"Live" with TAE

He's a Cuban émigré, a popular author and lecturer, a fearless popper of radical pretensions, and the flamboyant leader of an influential movement to return American community and home design to its pre-World War II golden age.

Andres Duany

Yale-educated architect Andres Duany presides over Miami's DPZ design firm with his wife, Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, dean of the University of Miami architecture school. Over the last decade, they have built a school of Traditional Neighborhood Design (also known as New Urbanism) that now competes aggressively with modernism, post-modernism, radical environmentalism, and other ideologies for the hearts and minds of leading architects, planners, real estate developers, and local politicians. Duany welcomed TAE *editor in chief Karl Zinsmeister and senior editor Eli Lehrer into his charming Coral Gables home for a wide-ranging interview at the dining room table, with the family dachshunds curled at their feet.*



TAE: Could you describe your conversion from a fairly conventional modern architect and urban designer to something not very conventional?

DUANY: Well, that took place in about 1980. We were having great success as young architects building high-rises in Miami Beach, including the famous one with the big hole in it that was shown on *Miami Vice*. Then one day I went to a lecture by a fellow called Leon Krier, the man who designed the English model town of Poundbury for the Prince of Wales. Krier gave a powerful talk about traditional urbanism, and after a couple of weeks of real agony and crisis I realized I couldn't go on designing these fashionable tall buildings, which were fascinating visually, but didn't produce any healthy urban effect. They wouldn't affect society in a positive way.

The prospect of instead creating traditional communities where our plans could actually make someone's daily life better really excited me. Krier introduced me to the idea of looking at people first, and to the power of physical design to change the social life of a community. And so, in a year or so my wife and I left the firm and went off to do something very different.

TAE: You have written, "where the users of buildings, or even passersby, have a voice, we know that the strong preference is for traditional architecture. Democracy leads inexorably to traditional styles."

DUANY: That's right. That's a reality. I do believe there's one aspect to modernism that is useful, though, and that is the fact that it's critical of existing conditions. Modernism isn't content with things as they are. Unfortunately, it's an alienated criticism, full of distance and emotional separation —in contrast to earlier movements that aimed for constructive change. Where older varieties of reformism wanted to take what exists and try to improve it, modernism just wants to throw away the past—lock, stock, and barrel.

TAE: If the strength of modernism is its critical approach, then why aren't we seeing any progress in the evolution of buildings? You yourself have written: "Travel to a city and ask any host to help you find a bad building erected prior to 1930, and you may well spend all day driving around in a vain search. Now look for a bad building erected after 1960. You will probably find one just by turning your head." Why have we gone backwards in this area?

DUANY: The real problem is the impulse to be avant-garde, which severs our ties with the past. Avant-garde buildings can occasionally be quite beautiful. But the win-loss ratio is horrible; unacceptable. To get those very, very few suc-

I believe that humans have rights to habitats that are paved over

Illustration by Sam Torode

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cessful, glorious, modernist buildings, you sacrifice an enormous percentage of failed buildings at every level, because each designer tries to reinvent the wheel instead of improving on established forms.

There was a short generation, covering the 1970s to the late '80s, when I would say architecture schools were genuinely open-minded. Before that, they were highly ideological modernist shops, and since then they've become ideological again. During that brief thaw, though, there grew up a body of traditional architects who are superb. A big group. It's just that they have virtually no polemical ability. They don't know how to project themselves. Their attitude is that they hold the high ground, and all they need to do is fortify the high ground with beautiful buildings. If we make our stronghold attractive enough, they believe, people will come to us. So what's happening is that the traditionalists hold people's hearts, but modernists command most of the intellectual territory. And traditionalists aren't aggressive enough to capture new turf.

The avant-garde has built and built and built on the idea of the alienated artist. If you engage the reality of what people truly need in a building, you've "sold out." If you haven't fought bitterly with your client, you've failed as an architect. This is inscribed in the minds of students by academics who very often are themselves failures as practitioners. That's a nice game, except what's happened is that, as this has overtaken all the schools, the best architectural talent has been removed from action.

I mean, the reality of this country is the American middle class, right? We have a very small upper class and a relatively small poorer class. But the avant-garde artists can't engage with the middle class. They're too busy trying to talk people out of "bourgeois" notions like comfort and convention and beauty—the very things that define any architecture for the middle class.

I have done a lot of public forums. I find that when you engage the community as a whole—the regular people—you find a lot of wisdom and enlightened self-interest. On the other hand, leaders of various disaffected minorities (usually self-appointed) often just create friction. They rabble-rouse to generate opposition, then offer to drop their resistance if you give them something.

When you stop feeling free to say things that aren't fashionable, that's the beginning of a collapse of democracy.

TAE: You've complained that some poverty activists actually resist measures that reduce poverty.

DUANY: Oh yes. There are, for instance many, many places where what the town needs most desperately is what is now derisively called "gentrification." When I study most inner cities I see poverty mono-cultures. The arrival of some higher-income residents is exactly what they need, so it's amazing that gentrification has become a negative term.

What smart urbanists want is to have a full range of society within neighborhoods. You need people who are CEOs, and people who are secretaries. You need school teachers, and you need somebody to deliver the pizza. Society doesn't work unless there are all kinds of people around, in relatively close proximity. Any society that has only one income level is dysfunctional. And, by the way, the great thing about the American system is that everybody can actually aspire to rise to the level of "gentry." We don't have the generalized envy and resentment that you find in many other countries.

But "gentrification"—attracting the middle class back to poor areas—is sometimes resisted by certain local activists. Why? Because it threatens to break up their political coalitions, and their base of power. When I first ran across this I was just amazed. I was so naive. Why *wouldn't* this poor area want middle class people moving in? I mean, you need the tax base. Now, I see selfish local bosses as the source of the resistance.

TAE: It does appear that cities, campuses, political parties, and all sorts of other institutions have become more splintered into special interests than they used to be. Can you explain that?

DUANY: Yes. In many of the older books about planning that I admire, you can't tell the training of the writer; the books were so generalized. In the post-World War II period, everything has become specialized and separated. Among many other effects, this has created problems for cities. Environmentalists work independently to lock up land they insist be preserved. Traffic engineers struggle to preserve their independent interests so their roads become little more than giant sewers for efficient transport of traffic. Meanwhile, much of the public wishes, "Can we make a community please?" One of my aims in my own field is to encourage everybody to

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become a bit of a generalist again. You really have to know about everything, because cities are too complex to break them apart into pieces.

TAE: Is it possible today, while building coalitions to improve how cities function, to have honest discussions about subjects like race?

DUANY: Yes. My family is from Cuba, and one of the things that hit me as I began debating these subjects is that you can't get arrested and put in jail in this country for what you say. You know, historically, this is astounding. So this relatively new fear of saying the wrong thing—it's completely unjustified! Nothing will actually happen to you, okay? I'm now very comfortable in taking the lead in prickly issues, and what I find is that when hard realities are first stated, people are aghast and silent. Then they come out of the woodwork and say things like, "It was time for somebody to finally admit that." The dangerous thing about political correctness is that it introduces fear of one's personal beliefs. That is completely un-American.

By the way, I know what it's like to feel fear because of one's convictions, because I have visited Cuba. In the end, Cuba wears you out because there is a palpable fear, which is manifested by people not saying things. They stop talking. Fall silent. Obfuscate. And when I see that in this country it drives me crazy. I have a real nose for it, and I resist, because when you stop feeling free to say things, that's the beginning of a collapse of democracy.

TAE: What other experiences have influenced your views?

DUANY: Well, you know, I lived in Franco's Spain after I left Cuba, and I saw that system in operation. It was in many ways wonderful, especially for a child. Franco ran a capitalist but highly traditional society. There was no crime, for example. Barcelona, where I lived, was a perfectly safe city. So the freedom I had as a child to go anywhere I wanted in that big city really impressed me. I don't think I would be as confirmed in the pleasures and assets of cities if I hadn't been wandering around Barcelona as a kid.

As designers, we try to duplicate that freedom in our communities. Good design isn't just about looking good; it has to function well in real life. I like to see how children fare in our towns like Seaside in Florida and Kentlands in Maryland. You can just let your child loose, because we've created walkable streets. Children love the freedom of being able to get around a large and complex and interesting place on their own little feet.

TAE: Is it fair to say that Duany's Principle Number One insists that any solver of social problems should start with what has evolved through history and tradition, aiming to improve on that, rather than starting over with a blank sheet of paper?

DUANY: I'm very suspicious of invention. We'd better be at least a little suspicious of anything brand new, of sharp breaks with the evolved past, because on the scale on which we urban designers work—which is the very fabric of a city—failure can be cataclysmic. When a community plan fails, it's essentially permanent. It can harm thousands of people over generations. So you have to be very conservative in community design. There are very good historical reasons to be skeptical.

TAE: Isn't that same thing true in politics? If you dream up a utopian society and force it on people through the power of the state, you can hurt millions of people.

DUANY: Millions of people, yeah. In some ways, though, bad urbanism is even more permanent than a blundering socialist state. For one thing, it tends to last longer. You can get rid of a dictator in a few years, but when you pour concrete... For instance, Europe has found it incredibly difficult to get rid of modernist housing that was built in the 1960s. The projects on the outskirts of Amsterdam are a disaster, and yet they can't really dump them. The investment is too big.

TAE: Soon they'll have "historic" status, and then it will be impossible to ever knock 'em down!

DUANY: Seriously, that's what the modernists are trying to do. They're very clever. What is very interesting about the Left is its polemical agility. I really envy that. I admire it. People on the Left just leap in. They're incredibly aggressive. Even when the results are completely dysfunctional, they remain strong advocates and defenders.

This may be a good place for us to clarify the terms "modernist" and "traditionalist." I actually consider myself a neo-traditionalist. I borrow the best from both strains. The first time I heard people talk about neo-traditionalism

You could give every single American household one full acre of land, and it would only consume 4 percent of the acreage in the continental U.S. Four percent. And that doesn't include Alaska.

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in this sense was during a 1988 lecture at the Stanford Research Institute. There were slides, and this lady from SRI showed an eighteenth-century fireplace like the one in this room [points], ornate and beautiful, built into a traditional study much like this. And on the mantel was a smart little black alarm clock. An electronic alarm clock. The lecturer described this room as *neo*-traditional because it combined the eighteenth-century fireplace—a marvelous fireplace that was beautiful, that worked, that had workmanship—with a highly modern clock. The residents didn't choose an eighteenth-century clock, because such a device costs a fortune, isn't accurate, is noisy, and has to be wound up regularly. A neo-traditionalist chooses whatever is best in the long run.

An ideological traditionalist, on the other hand, will buy an old house and re-install a claw-foot bathtub. Even though that bathtub has a rounded bottom you can't stand on, and showering requires a tube of plastic curtain that sticks to you. A horrible grotesque experience, right? Yet a pure traditionalist will actually restore that. A modernist, meanwhile, actually thinks it's unethical to build eighteenth-century-style fireplaces; literally unethical. Everything has to be modernist or you're stylistically "dishonest."

So neo-traditionalism is more than just an attempt to revive something that has lapsed. It's a *juncture* between the new and the traditional. A neo-traditionalist will buy an old house and put in a brand new kitchen and a brand new bathroom. Because the house is best when it has old beauty and craftsmanship, like this 1920s house we're sitting in, but a 1920s kitchen is no great triumph.

So what I try to achieve is a wise combination. The ability to reconcile things is very important. You know, this compassionate conservatism business—that is Bush's way of reconciling two things often presented as contradictory. Our society needs to encourage the best to rise, yet the hard-headedness of the market can be very cruel to people. But if you can get the mix right, you can grab the best of both worlds.

TAE: We see reconciliation as a goal of your design work in many areas. In encouraging Americans to build towns and urban villages that are functional as well as beautiful you seem to be trying to reconcile, for instance, the natural with the man-made, the efficient with the pleasurable, and, in particular, the rural with the urban. Aren't Seaside and Kentlands and your other towns ultimately attempts to find the right rural-urban blend? And aren't neighborhoods that mix rural and urban virtues also the ideal of the American public?

DUANY: They're the American ideal. Although, more and more, there are *many* American ideals. There are some people who want to live downtown where the action is. They wanna live in a loft. Others like row houses. Others need single-family houses. Yet others seek space in the country. I insist that all of these should be available.

Traditionalists hold people's hearts, but modernists command most of the intellectual territory.

One problem is that fanatics like the rabid environmentalists only recognize one or two of these options as legitimate. Environmentalists want to green everything. Environmental law at this moment prevents the construction of authentic urbanism. You couldn't build any great traditional city today if you apply the environmental laws on open space, separate uses, and so forth. One of the things I'm trying to do is to get environmentalists to accept that Americans have a right to the full range of habitats, from country living to high-density urbanism, and that the laws must be different in every type of environment. But environmentalists are so arrogant they won't even engage in this conversation.

TAE: One of the strengths of your movement, though, is that the traditional small towns and close-knit neighborhoods that you champion appeal to everyday people. When Gallup asks Americans where they'd most like to live, only 13 percent say a city. The largest number by far, 37 percent, say they want to live in a small town, while 25 percent say the suburbs. Aren't these preferences a fact that planners and regulators ought to work with, instead of endlessly railing against the single family house and yard and car?

DUANY: Yes. What we're actually trying to do is take the stuff that is already being built out there anyway—the houses, the subdivisions, the town homes, the garden apartment clusters, the office parks, the shopping centers—and unify it into towns. The material is being laid out, it's just not assembled properly. It's disaggregated. What we do is to aggregate elements into functioning communities, and public tastes and the market are behind us.

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TAE: As a fan of close-knit small towns and neighborhoods, did you take any interest in the famous small-town-versus-big-city split between Bush and Gore voters?

DUANY: I was in Peoria, Illinois all last week, leading a town design brainstorming session. It's different from the coasts. It's fascinating.

Small-town living is popular everywhere, but the way you present it has to vary. For example, in the Midwest you talk about traditional community values. On the East Coast you talk in terms of convenience: This way of living is so much better for your kid; it will free you from being a soccer mom imprisoned in your vehicle.

One of the things we had to do in Peoria was to beat back the "greening" of the waterfront. The city's waterfront was once industrial, and we want to urbanize it. If you wanna keep your young people, we said, let's build lofts on that waterfront.

But environmentalists were saying "let's have a park." I pointed out that the Illinois River is thick with parks for a hundred miles in each direction. This is downtown Peoria, and this half mile of waterfront should not be green but should be given over to humans. Humans have rights to the river, too. What do you mean humans have rights to the river? Shouldn't it be green? No, I said, let's use this bit for humans and leave the other hundred miles for muskrats.

I study the environmental movement very hard, because I admire its ability to prevail. Environmentalists do two things well that are very important. One is they have a standardized vocabulary all over the country. Their second strength is that their presentation is always technocratic or pseudo-scientific. People agree in hushed tones that, of course, we must get the "scientists" involved. You have to answer this with a technocratic presentation of your own.

TAE: Isn't there also a philosophical chore, though, in resisting unyielding environmentalism? One of your articles includes the warning that green ideologues "cannot believe that the work of humans has the capacity to be part of nature." In other words, it needs to be pointed out that people aren't a kind of pollution.

DUANY: Yes, there are two interpretations of nature. One places humanity apart from nature. The other says that humans are part of the natural order. Environmentalists favor the first definition, and that's the source of many problems. I believe humans have rights to habitats that are paved over. Humans have rights to places like London and New York.

Because most humans like to live in relatively high density, they actually end up leaving most of nature alone. Not because some regulator forbids people from building a house where they want—preventing people from going where they want will never hold in a free society. Mandated urban boundaries will never hold, because Americans have rights, including a right to the pursuit of happiness. It's actually market drive—wanting to live near services instead of in the woods—that brings people to cities. Since Americans have a right to live wherever they please, if we want to keep them out of the wheat fields we're going to have to make cities so attractive that people don't want to leave.

In any case, contrary to environmentalist claims and common perceptions, America is not running out of land. You could give every single American household one full acre of land, and it would only consume 4 percent of the acreage in the continental U.S. Four percent. And that doesn't include Alaska.

TAE: You have lots of contact with the academic world. Your wife is a college dean. Let's turn to campus life for a minute. A couple of years ago I got an e-mail message from you in which you argued that when Marxist intellectuals realized, in the early decades of the 1900s, that they weren't getting any traction with the so-called "working class," they decided to congregate in universities instead. There, they churned out a Marxism that was less economic and more cultural and social. It remained their aim to undermine Western cultural traditions, just in a different way. Is that what we witnessed over the last century in fields like art and architecture?

DUANY: I think so. In all branches of academia, it's now the so-called "critical method"—which is Marxist jargon—that dominates. The overall aim is indeed to undermine middle-class society. It's very clever, very effective.

TAE: You and your wife were students at Princeton and Yale during the '60s and '70s when these seeds of radicalism were first sprouting. What was your reaction to the agitations on college campuses during that time?

DUANY: Well, I remember distinctly when one big strike was going on, I still went to the studio to work. At the same time—and this is another example of cleverness on the Left—it was all made to be fun. Many of the protests were just one big party. There was a strong festival aspect to what was going on. I think there's a residue of that in the memories of many people who were growing up at that time.

I myself think fun is very important. I'm very much against the Calvinist presentation. Though we as a nation do have an important Calvinist streak, I think the idea that you have to suffer to do well has very little traction in the United States at this moment. That's why I speak of the *pleasure* of walkable communities, of not being *forced* to drive a car, instead of thundering about internal combustion engines. When we speak of an environmentally sensitive house we speak of the comfort of cross ventilation. We don't insist you have to scrimp on energy.

That comes partly from lessons we learned in the '60s about how to build a mass movement. Most people then started out thinking "the cause" was a lot of fun. Later, of course, radicalism became Calvinist. Now you can't drink coffee without getting a harangue.

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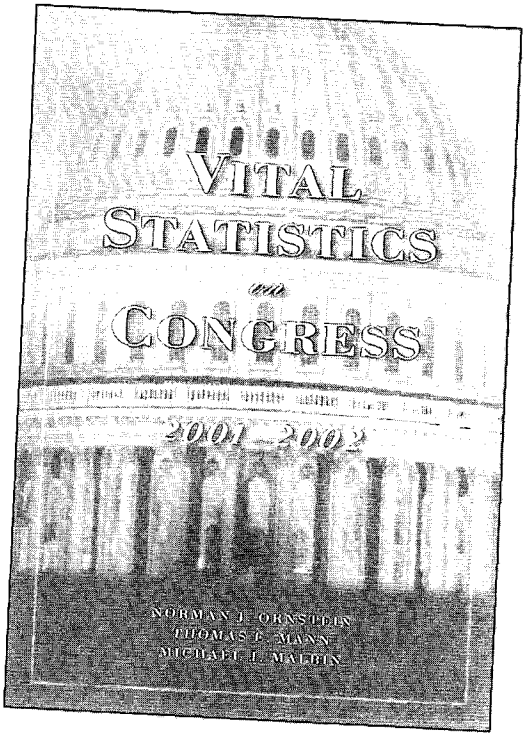

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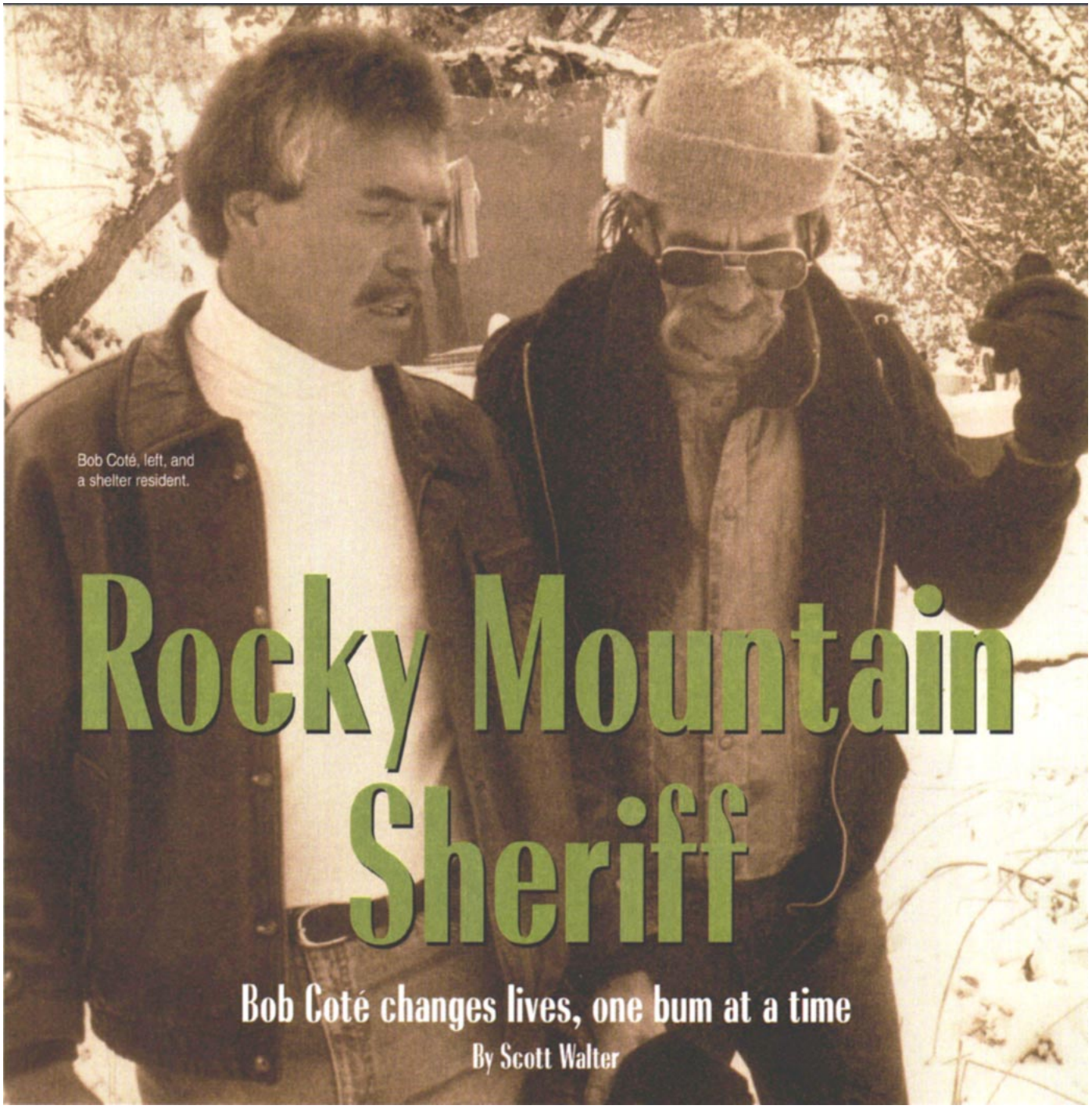

Bob Coté, left, and a shelter resident.

Rocky Mountain Sheriff

Bob Coté changes lives, one bum at a time

By Scott Walter

Bob Coté is a one-man alternative to the welfare state. Take one part Florence Nightingale, add three parts John Wayne, and one part cowboy poet, and you've got a 6-foot-3 former Golden Gloves boxer who crashed into an alcoholic gutter in 1983, had an epiphany about his wasted life on Denver's Skid Row, poured out his vodka bottle, and spent the two decades since running a shelter that turns homeless drunks and junkies into productive citizens—with no help from the federal nanny state he loudly accuses of killing addicts "on the installment plan."

His shelter or, better put, rehabilitation center has a chapel, a medical clinic, a weight room, cooking facilities, a GED classroom, a computer lab, and three businesses that provide jobs for the men and a large chunk of his budget. Its name is Step 13. "Everybody thinks it's named after the 12 steps of Alcoholics Anonymous, but it's actually because of Jesus and the 12 apostles and the original 13 colonies—God and country." After all, Coté adds, "only in America" could a recovering alcoholic "have this vision in his mind, and do it."

The alternative to God and country, as Coté sees it, is the welfare state, an enemy on whom he's landed some telling blows. His tireless attacks on Social Security disability payments to addicts were instrumental in moving Congress to change the law in 1996, so that merely being a drunk or junkie no longer qualifies you for hundreds of monthly tax dollars until your untimely demise. At the showdown on Capitol Hill, Sheriff Coté didn't flinch when the black hats tried to run him out of town.

"Congressman Joe Kennedy said, 'Mr. Coté, don't tell me

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about drugs and alcohol. I know all about the harms. I lost a brother to a heroin overdose.'"

Coté answered, "Look, Congressman, I'll agree the Kennedys know a lot about drugs and alcohol, but I'm here to tell ya that this government plan is killing people, and you need to put a stop to it."

"His face got real red, and he just went behind the curtain and took off. Then Maxine Waters picked up his anthem, said she was raised in the projects and was on welfare, then she started talking about the 'triage of the modality.' I said, 'I don't know what "triage of the modality" is. All I know is, the taxpayers shouldn't be subsidizing addicts!'"

Bob Coté also helped change the Food Stamp system. He discovered that members of his clientele were selling their stamps for 50 cents on the dollar to bars and restaurants. The eateries used the stamps to procure cheap food supplies; the addicts used the cash to buy dope or booze. Coté worked with undercover reporters to expose the scam, and now the stamps are gone, replaced by an individual ATM-like card.

Coté challenges the welfare state the same way he challenges winos: First, he states the truth bluntly without concern about being "judgmental." Then he demands change. "I know what 'status quo' stands for in Latin: 'The mess we're in.'" For two decades, Coté has given out cards that read, "This coupon good for one free meal. Need a job? A safe place to stay? Come to 2029 Larimer." He's offering, in other words, everything that a homeless person needs—if he wants to be a productive citizen and not an addict. But of the tens of thousands of coupons Coté has handed out, only 27 have ever been redeemed. These men are deeply attached to their own status quo, he warns, and they know that with the spare change of passersby, government checks, and coddling shelters, they can avoid any real change in their lives.

"Every guy who comes in here tells me, 'She divorced me, he fired me, they beat me up, I was potty-trained backwards, I got an F in the fifth grade'—they got every excuse in the world except 'I drank.' I know why *I* drank: 'cuz I liked it, and so do they. We all make choices." His shelter has "never been full," he says, "because the word has got around, and they know I'm not gonna play pattycake with them."

Coté's bywords are "responsibility" and "competition." He demands the former and welcomes the latter, contrasting his 35 percent success rate to government-supported programs that score only a fraction as well. And he would like to see the same principles applied throughout American life: "I believe in free market principles from the bottom of my being—competition! But people in the poverty pentagon, they don't want any part of competition. The goal of the poverty industry is people standing in line: Figures equal funding." Step 13 has never taken a penny from Uncle Sam, or Colorado, or Denver, "nor ever will we." And Coté warns peers that even private programs can "get addicted to government funding, just like these street guys get addicted to booze and drugs."

Coté charges that America is "in denial" about the "outrageous cost of the problems drugs and alcohol are causing." He urges dramatic countermeasures. "If they catch someone within 100 yards of a school sellin' drugs, I don't care if it's pot or what, give 'em 100 years at hard labor—and I don't mean playin' Putt-Putt golf and watching color TV somewhere. I mean bustin' rocks. And if they catch 'em within 50 yards, hang 'em! And if they need someone to pull the rope, I will."

Coté challenges people. First, he states the truth bluntly. Then he insists on change.

Coté is candid about his own failures. He didn't pay enough attention to his two children from his first marriage. The daughter ended up a cocaine addict. When her grandmother called Coté for help, he jumped on the next plane to his native Detroit, tracked her down, and took her home with him. But he couldn't be as tough with her as with his regular charges. When he gave her a credit card, she promptly used it to buy $200 worth of booze. Eventually, she sobered up and now works full time at Step 13.

Coté's soft heart often shines through his leathery exterior. Such as when he speaks of Billy Palmer, "the nicest guy who ever lived." Palmer was a close pal of Coté in his Skid Row years, and after Coté opened Step 13 he eventually persuaded Palmer to become a resident. Months later a withdrawal seizure killed Palmer in his room. To this day, Coté keeps Room 16 just as it was.

Coté doesn't brag that he "fixes" people: "I can't fix 'em; I can try to show them the way." "I care about them," he insists, "and I'll help anybody who wants to help themselves. I'll go to any length to help them get where they want to go, but if they just want to dabble along, they can do it somewhere else." By contrast, the "compassionate" conventional shelters that warehouse the homeless while demanding nothing of them do have one strict condition: Their charges must usually leave after 30 days. Coté imposes no time limit, and many of his residents, bereft of ties to kith and kin, have never known the kind of home Step 13 provides. The average stay is a year and a half while residents shake off their destructive addictions.

Gil Ribelin, an alcoholic of 24 years, dropped out of Step 13 several times to return to booze, landing right back in the local detox center. Without Coté, he tells reporters, he "might've ended up in jail for a long time, or dead." Step 13 "gave me a glimpse of what life could be like." Now sober for a decade and happily married, Ribelin explains that "Bob's a regular drunk from the streets. He's not some therapist with a degree.... He's rough, tough, and gruff, but he's got a heart of gold."

The Step 13 program is based on "three simple rules." First, *no drinking or drugs*, a rule enforced by countless urine and breath tests—enough to cost Coté thousands in supplies every year. Also, every resident must take Antabuse, a medicine that makes you physically ill if you drink any alcohol. Second rule: *Get a job*. Step 13 has placed hundreds of residents in 26

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local businesses, as well as its own three in-house enterprises. Third rule: *Your bunk is your property.* Residents are held responsible for their living quarters at Step 13, which means they must pay for their stay—around $50 a week—and they must keep their living area clean, cook their meals, do their dishes, and otherwise live up to the standards of civilization.

Residents who follow the rules will change from tramps to productive members of society, and will move up both in the world and at Step 13: They'll go from a bunk in the basement to a room with a door, then to the upstairs studio apartments with locking doors. Often those apartments feature the men's new computers and big-screen TVs. Coté calls the system "constructive envy," which means, he says, that his staff is not just the half-dozen people on the official payroll, but more like 56, "because I've got 50 guys who've been here a little over a year," and they tell their peers, "'We don't put cigarette butts on the floor. We don't leave dirty dishes.' This is their home as opposed to some place they're passing through to see what they can hustle."

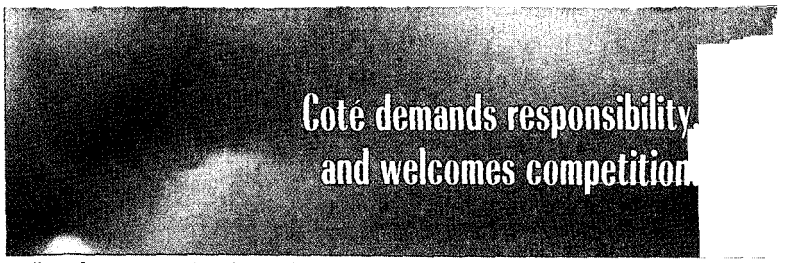
Then there are the rule-breakers. Don't make your bed, and you sleep on the couch. Don't cook your own meals, and you won't eat. Don't clean your room, and you lose it. Fail your drug test, and you answer to Coté. "I'll make them do 20 hours of community service like picking up glass in the alley, or they can leave," he explains.

Bob Coté and friends.

Coté doesn't claim this system is the answer to every homeless person's needs. He concurs with the general social science figure that addicts make up roughly 60 percent of the homeless population, while another chunk of the population suffer mental or emotional disability, and yet another chunk consists of families, often single-moms with kids, in financial straits. "God knows let's help 'em," he says, with the specific services they need, but when shelters "just lump them all together under one roof, it's a zoo" that can't help anyone.

As welfare historian and Coté admirer Marvin Olasky puts it, "The major flaw of the welfare state is not that it's extravagant with money but that it's stingy with the help that only a person can give: love, time, care, and hope." That's where faith-based practitioners like Coté come in—they can affect someone's heart and soul. Unfortunately, a large majority of Step 13's many press clips over the years never even bother to mention Coté's faith or his shelter's mandatory chapel service.

Not that Coté is doctrinaire. He belies the caricature of the narrow-minded conservative Christian, and is so ecumenical his chapel has hosted "rabbis, Mormons, Baptists, Methodists—all of 'em." At the center of Coté's faith is a belief in Providence:



"God creates miracles to let us know we're not alone." The miracle that most surprises him is his own shelter's success. He sees all of his life, the good and the bad, as contributing to that success. His training as a boxer taught him to "handle himself" and deal "one on one" with others. His drinking taught him "streetology" so he can meet addicts "where they are." His work as a salesman—more compatible with drinking than a 9-to-5 job—taught him how to "talk people into donating vans," how to persuade donors to give, and how to conserve money.

One of Coté's miracles came the morning a billionaire stranger, Phil Anschutz, visited Step 13 early in the shelter's history and wrote a check so the chapel could be built. (Over a decade later, without any intervening solicitations, he donated a few hundred thousand dollars to help Coté buy his property after he lost his lease.) Then there's cancer surgeon Larry Schafer, whom Coté asked for volunteer medical help. "He said, 'I'll do it for three months.' That was in 1987." Schafer offers his services to this day.

But Coté doesn't sit around waiting for Providence. "I scratched and clawed—all of us here did—to make this place go." He pawned his donated van countless times to pay bills, and his in-house businesses reveal an entrepreneurial eye. When the Colorado Rockies baseball team set up shop a few blocks away at Coors Field, Coté opened a parking lot that offers car washes and detailing during the game (net income last year: about $50,000). After his rehabilitated daughter worked at a T-shirt company for a while, Coté asked her to set up his logo printing business (net income: roughly $10,000). Between the businesses and the residents' fees, Coté is over half self-supporting, with a goal to reach 100 percent.

Though Anschutz appeared at his door providentially, Coté set his sights on Colorado developer and philanthropist Steve Schuck, who shares his philosophy: "I am convinced," Schuck says, "that when we take away responsibility from a capable person, we dehumanize that person."

"I maneuvered my way into his office," Coté recalls, "he just did it to pacify me. He had a board table that must've been 30 feet long, one piece of walnut. He's at one end, I'm at the other, and he has a cooking timer and says, 'You've got ten minutes.' So I got up, walked all the way down, and said, 'I only need five.' I stayed in there about 45 minutes. He tried to give me a check for $25,000. I said, 'You're a smart guy; why would you give me a check for $25,000?' He said, 'To help you with what you're doing.' You don't even know what I'm doing. You come down and see me, and then if you wanna give me $25,000 O.K. He said, 'I'll do that.'" Coté insisted that Schuck schedule an appointment then and there. "He came down here two weeks later, and he's been with me ever since and is on our board. Now if I'd have took the

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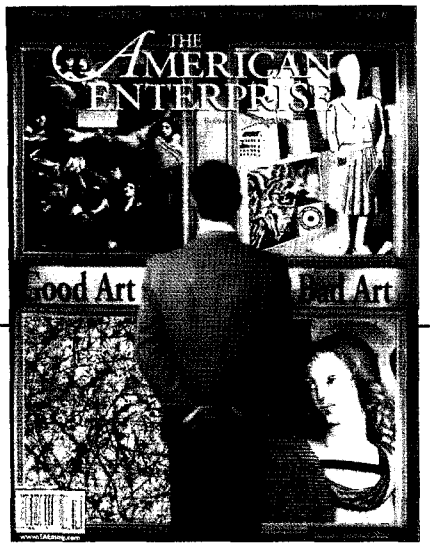

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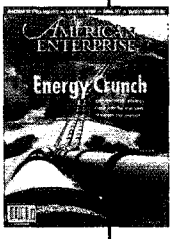

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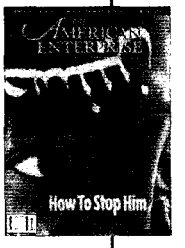

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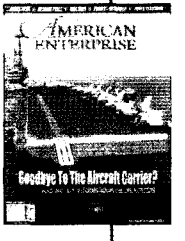

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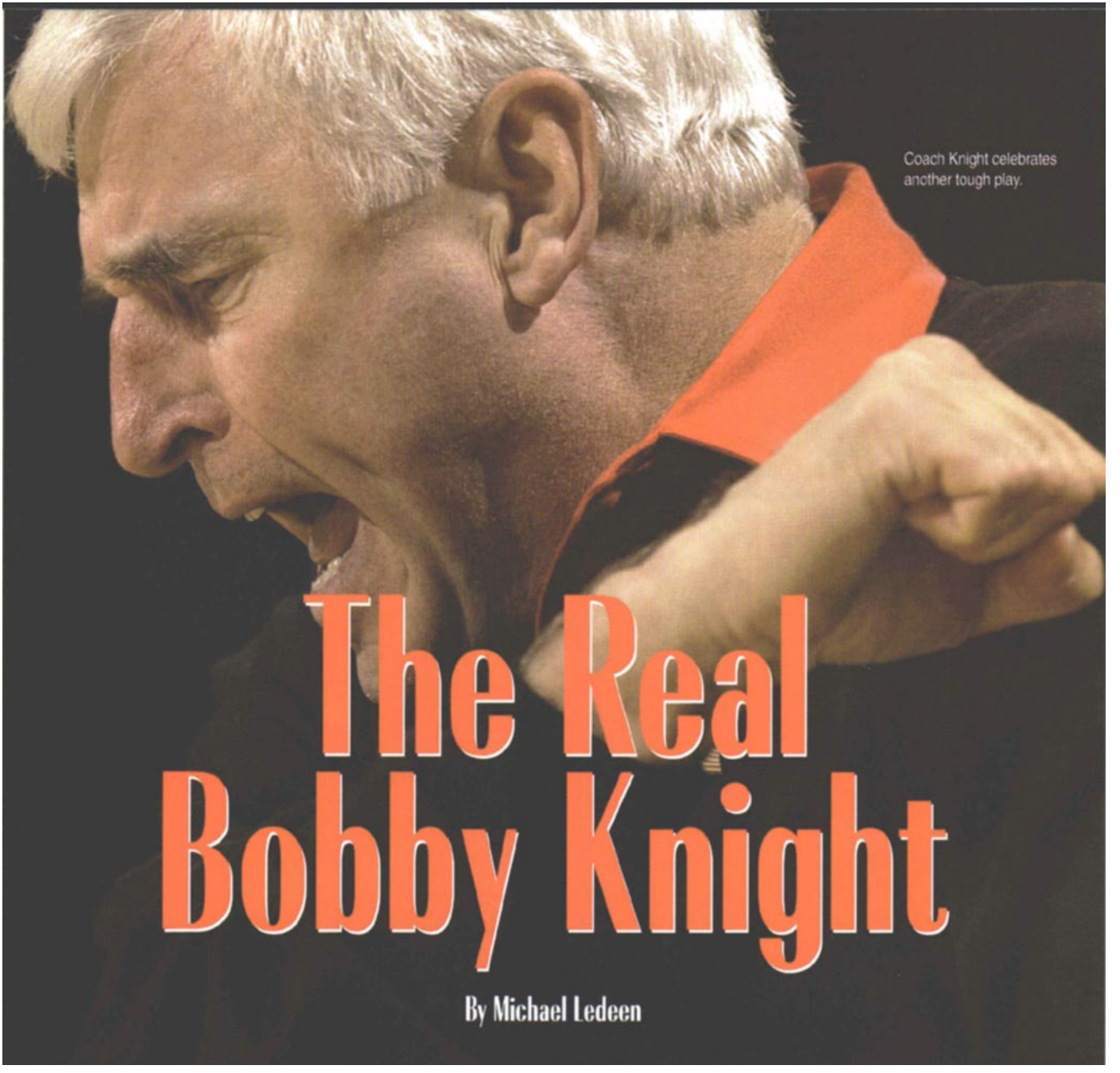

Coach Knight celebrates another tough play.

The Real Bobby Knight

By Michael Ledeen

On September 9, 2000, just as the students were returning to campus, Bob Knight, the legendary coach of Indiana University's basketball team for 29 hectic years, was fired by IU President Myles Brand. Knight was summarily convicted of a "pattern of unacceptable behavior" that violated a "zero tolerance" policy. The axe fell following a widely publicized incident when Knight lectured a freshman on the proper way to address his elders, after the student—who happened to be the stepson of one of Knight's most outspoken critics—provoked him with a "What's up, Knight?" Brand's list of Knight's offenses included the coach's insufficient deference to the athletic director, rudeness to an IU lawyer, and speaking ill of university administrators. Like General George Patton, who, after slapping a soldier, was put on ice in England while lesser mortals conducted the D-Day invasion, Bob Knight spent a year wondering if he would ever again be able to bring his unique genius to bear on the thing he does best and loves most.

He needn't have worried. Though subjected to a "Börking" as harsh and unfair as that experienced by any political figure in America over the past decade, Knight's long record of success and a lifetime of loyalty to his friends enabled him to relocate to Lubbock, Texas, where he now coaches the Red Raiders of Texas Tech. And, just as he had at IU, Knight took a wounded basketball program and revitalized it dramatically, producing a winning season with a team that had finished at the bottom of the Big 12 Conference the year before, while filling arenas all over the country and earning an invitation to the NCAA tournament at the end of the season.

That Bobby Knight had to doubt whether he even had a future speaks volumes about the state of the culture. The youngest coach ever to win 600 games, Knight led Indiana to

Michael Ledeen is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute. He hasn't thrown any chairs, so far.

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three NCAA championships, two NIT championships, and 11 Big 10 titles. He coached the U.S. National Team to an Olympic gold medal and victory in a stormy Pan-Am championship. He's just five good years away from becoming the coach with the most wins in American collegiate basketball history. A panel of more than 100 top basketball coaches voted him the man who, more than any other, changed the nature of his game in the last 20 years. Tony Kornheiser, the *Washington Post*'s popular sports columnist, says unhesitatingly, "If I had to play one basketball game for my life, I'd want Bobby Knight to coach the team."

Yet Knight's removal was hailed by the media and academia. He was caricatured as a man hopelessly out of touch with modern sports ethics, a bully bordering on psychotic, a curious anachronism so mean to his players he was an embarrassment to basketball, perhaps to the entire country. As the 2001-2002 basketball season began, ESPN ran an hour-long special that magnified his temper, foul language, and outbursts against his players and game officials. And yet, if you talk to Knight's players, you will find scores of successful men who swear by him, who credit him with a large part of their success. You will even find some who feel he saved their lives—who see Knight as the man who taught them not only the value of hard work and discipline, but also the virtues of friendship and scholarship.

The debate over Bob Knight involves much more than the man himself; it revolves around fundamental questions on the nature of men, of the male sex, and what is required for men to sublimate their own passions and egos in order to become part of a successful team. The comparison that most readily comes to mind is with the great World War II General George S. Patton. Sports are a more civilized form of warfare, and successful athletic teams are very much like successful fighting forces.

Like Patton, Knight is a big personality, with oversized faults and virtues. Like Patton, he is an accomplished athlete. He is a big man, as befits an alum of the great Ohio State national championship team of the '60s that also included John Havlicek, Jerry Lucas, and Larry Siegfried. As Patton did with his soldiers, Knight inspires intense loyalty from his players, and, like Patton, Knight has an explosive and destructive temper that has often overshadowed his accomplishments and left even his greatest admirers shaking their heads and wondering what devil makes him do it. Patton was the greatest Allied general, the most sophisticated thinker in Eisenhower's armies; but he will forever be remembered as the fellow who slapped a shell-shocked G.I.

Knight is unusually cultured for a man in his profession, devoted to higher learning—to the point of digging into his own pockets for hundreds of thousands of dollars for academic programs, and raising millions for endowed chairs in history and law—and capable of serious conversation with friends like George Will and Clarence Thomas. When I interviewed him shortly after his firing we spent considerable time discussing military history, a subject he clearly has mastered. Alas, thanks to the caricatures of him in the popular media, he is likelier to be remembered for flinging a chair across the court, stuffing an obstreperous fan into a garbage pail, and grabbing a player during a practice session.

"If I had to play one basketball game for my life, I'd want Bobby Knight to coach the team."

It's hard to imagine a big-time coach more devoted to the basic mission of the university. Until the 1990s, Knight's teams had an astonishing graduation record of over 90 percent, and although the percentage dropped a bit in recent years—largely because of transfers—it has remained one of the highest in sports history. Unlike most of the celebrated college coaches of the modern era, Knight insists that his athletes' primary obligation is to become educated citizens. One of the stars on his very first Indiana team, Steve Downing, told me that Knight's insistence on education had turned his whole life around. Like most players on that squad, Downing was a street kid, and the pre-Knight team was a pretty wild group, preferring drugs and booze to homework and term papers. When he arrived in Bloomington from West Point in the summer of 1971, Knight called in the veteran players and talked to them one-on-one. Downing walked into the coach's office and started the usual pleasant chit-chat, but Knight would have none of it. "Never mind all that crap," he said, "I've been looking at your transcript. You're not studying. Now get this straight," Knight growled, "you damn well better get your grade point average up, or you're not playing on my team. If you want to transfer, that's fine with me, but the rules here are: You don't go to class, you don't play basketball." Downing straightened up, got his degree, and today is assistant athletic director at Texas Tech.

I first met Knight at an academic conference on "Culture and the Cold War" in Bloomington a couple of years ago. The keynote speaker was David Halberstam, a friend of Knight's who had sought a tutorial on the subtleties of basketball when he wrote a biography of Michael Jordan. Knight presented Halberstam to the conference, speaking off-the-cuff, and dazzled the audience with his understanding of Halberstam's work. He spoke in complete paragraphs, ably summarized Halberstam's contributions to American historical scholarship, and congratulated the organizers for their appreciation of Halberstam's wisdom.

At his first head coach position at West Point, Knight once declined an invitation to the NCAA tournament because he felt it would take too much time away from classes and exams; Army played instead in the less prestigious NIT championship. He also voted against the creation of a Big 10 Tournament because it conflicted with exams in Bloomington. Instead of finding ways for his players to get the usual favors from their professors, Knight worked to create one of the country's best academic counseling programs, which was then extended to players in all sports.

Nor is his concern about classwork limited to his players. He visited an organic chemistry class to remind the students there that before they could do what they wanted to do, it was neces-

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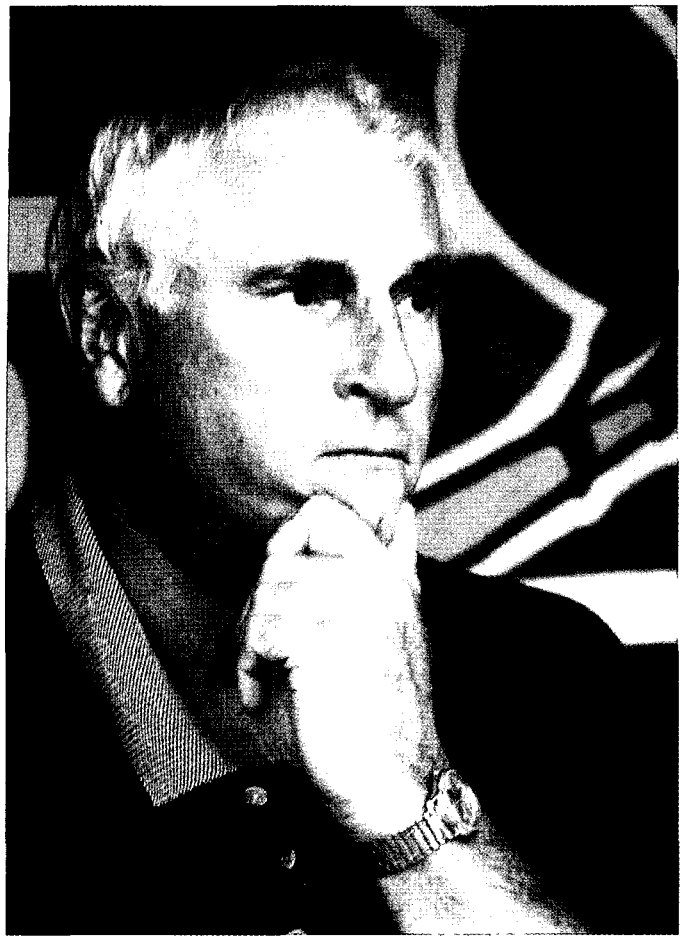

AP Photo/Tom Gannam

sary to do what they had to do, a theme he sounded continually in annual meetings with the student body. It is simply not possible to find another athletic coach at a major American university who spends so much time, energy, and money to support the academic quality of his school.

You would think, then, that whatever one's overall judgment of Bob Knight, the last criticism a knowledgeable person could aim at him is a lack of commitment to educational standards. But that's precisely what IU did in the days following Knight's purge on September 9. "No athletic program is more important than the academic mission of the university," President Brand wrote in the local *Herald-Times.* The presidents of all the other Big 10 universities signed a full-page ad, which was sponsored by the American Council on Education, and supported by the Association of American Universities and the National Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges. The September 22 ad in the *Chicago Tribune* reiterated the disinformation: "When a university's essential mission or reputation is obscured by excessive powers concentrated in a coach or ill-considered actions by any member of the university community, the exercise of presidential leadership to counter such situations is crucial. Even popular and successful coaches must observe institutional chain of command and be bound by values and policies of the institutions they serve." Significantly, the presidents of the sponsoring organizations were all former Big 10 presidents. But their advertisement raises more questions about their universities than about the coach they derided.

The event was so extraordinary that the *Tribune* ran a news story the same day, noting that the ad had cost nearly $66,000. Neither the *Tribune*'s "higher education writer" nor the dozens of journalists who had covered Knight's real and imagined excesses bothered to point out that Big 10 basketball programs (with the notable exception of Indiana) had been famously soiled by ethical violations of NCAA rules in recent years, that the University of Minnesota was in court to recover a huge payoff it had given to a coach fired for falsifying academic records, or that the University of Wisconsin had just been forced to apologize for altering a photograph in one of its brochures, having inserted a black face into a clip of student fans in order to present a more "diverse" picture. None of these egregious actions had provoked a response from the college presidents, or from the three sponsoring university trade associations in Washington which singled out Knight as a major threat to academic values.

Of course Knight's serious side never attracted a fraction of the media interest generated by his controversies. When a former player, Neil Reed, claimed that Knight had once choked him during practice, Brand and the trustees opened an investigation. Knight was so positive no such thing had happened that he dug out the videotape of the practice session and delivered it to Brand. Somebody passed the tape to CNN, and it was broadcast and re-broadcast ad infinitum, along with commentary on "the choking incident." Along with that clip—which did not match Reed's description—other lowlights of Knight's career were shown, featuring his celebrated launch of a chair across the court during a game with Purdue during the 1994-95 season, a kick that was supposedly launched against his son, Pat, during a game with Kentucky, and temper tantrums directed against players and officials. His enemies piled on, adding tales of threats to colleagues, and one colorful story which had him hurling a flower pot at a secretary in the athletic department.

The stories wouldn't pass muster in a serious editorial office. Most of the sources are badly tainted, and the facts are invariably less dreadful than advertised. Reed claimed that Knight had to be dragged off him, but the tape showed that had not, in fact, happened. The "choking" was so brief that it isn't clear it even happened. Reed himself was voted off the team by his fellow players—none of whom verified his story—and his basketball career, after high expectations, was undistinguished. The celebrated chair was flung, but nobody was hurt, Knight was reprimanded, and he apologized. Knight insists, and others present agree, that he threw no flower pot. (The secretary who proclaimed the botanic assault had hated him for years.) As for the kicking, Knight punted a chair, not his son (ask Bob Costas, the careful NBC sports broadcaster who went over the tape with Knight). And notice a real man-bites-dog factoid: Under Knight, Indiana had the fewest technical fouls of any Big 10 team.

Knight is the second to admit that he has trouble controlling his temper (the first is his wife Karen), and that it has driven him

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to do things he wished he hadn't. But the same can be said about many big-time coaches. His friend John Cheney, the Temple basketball coach who is greatly admired by the media and who calls himself the "black Knight," says that he had done far worse than Knight (he actually K.O.'ed one of his players), and no one ever suggested he was a menace. During a University of Maryland football game, the Terrapins' immensely popular coach, Ralph Friedgen, enraged by his players' poor first-half performance, hurled a chair across the locker room at halftime. When he didn't get a sufficient reaction from his players he threw another one. That evidently got their attention, they went on to win the game and a major bowl invitation, and the chair incident was written up with evident approval.

If, instead of watching games on television, you go to any arena, you will see and hear lots of the sins alleged to be unique to Bobby Knight. At the Final Four NCAA basketball championship in Indianapolis a couple years ago I sat in one of the most distant seats, yet I heard every four-letter word Wisconsin coach Dick Bennett shrieked at one of his players after grabbing him by the uniform and dragging him to the bench. Bennett's temper is accepted, as is Gene Keady's of Purdue or Jim Calhoun's of Connecticut, as was Vince Lombardi's and Bill Parcell's.

Why are these latter men considered lovable curmudgeons, while Knight is portrayed as a deranged menace? One reason is that Knight, as Patton before him, provoked much media antipathy. Although he is capable of extraordinary charm and could have sports writers hanging on his analyses after ball games, Knight has often insulted journalists, suggested they should be out on the streets working for a living, and cursed them for asking stupid questions. They have been happy to take their revenge.

But there is more to this story than wounded journalistic egos. Knight's real crime is that he is blatantly, hugely in violation of today's new rules of political correctness. He refuses to play the celebrity game, which require a slickened public image for our top men. As writers like Christina Hoff Sommers have demonstrated, there is nothing so intolerable today as a boy being a boy. Men are now expected to be gentle creatures; even military officers are required to attend sensitivity sessions.

The ugly stereotype of Bob Knight is far more than an attack on an admittedly prickly and cantankerous individual; it reflects a change in our thinking about men, and therefore about our understanding of what it takes to make men work together under pressure. Team sports like basketball are violent, yet many Americans, especially those who have not played the games themselves, are convinced that the hard edges of sports can be eliminated if coaches will just soften themselves and act more kindly toward their players.

Ideally, there should be a happy medium. It isn't easy to discipline young athletes, bursting with hormones and the energy built up in endless hours on the practice field and in the weight room. One must lead such young men with, in Machiavelli's language, a mixture of love and fear. In real life, Machiavelli knew, it is very hard to find that magical balance point, and the philosopher insisted that, of the two emotions, fear is more reliable than love, because love is fickle.

The debate over Bob Knight revolves around fundamental questions on the nature of the male sex, and what is required for men to become part of a successful team.

When fighting for survival, whether on a sports field or a battlefield, whether in politics or business, people need to know that their teammates will fight alongside them, and will not break discipline. That is why many leaders are harsh and demanding disciplinarians. We kid ourselves—and, far worse, we put ourselves in jeopardy—if we pretend that leadership, especially of men engaged in violent undertakings, can be accomplished by nice words and high-minded sermons. Just as soldiers come to recognize that their vicious drill sergeant is trying to save their lives, male athletes know their coach is preparing them for tough times ahead.

Bobby Knight's biggest mistake is simply an excess of candor. He does in public what most of his peers have learned to do only in private. In many more ways than his critics will ever admit, Knight is the norm, not the aberration, in successful drillers of young men. Because hardness is what works. Real men understand and appreciate that.

The campaign against Bob Knight bespeaks a modern intolerance and ideological shortsightedness that should worry us. America is a big country, and we have always prided ourselves on the enormous variety of personalities that make up our citizenry. The Hoosiers cherished Bob Knight as a true American Original. They were willing to tolerate his faults—which they recognized, sometimes deplored, and often perversely enjoyed—because they took such joy in his virtues.

It's worth a lot to watch a true genius reshape his profession. It's worth even more to have a man who insists on student athletes being both—not athletes occasionally pretending to be real students. It's rare to find an athletic leader who is deeply involved in the life of the mind, one who shows his players through his own behavior that a man cannot be whole unless he develops both body and spirit. And it's priceless to have a man who does it all without ever cheating, who is compulsively ethical, whose inability to dissimulate is one of his endearing vulnerabilities, and whose total dedication to his school, his family, his players, and his sport define the meaning of loyalty.

If Americans have become intolerant of such hard men, they are surely diminished by it. Our young need such leaders, especially the fighting men in all sectors of our society. But our country's young men will never learn such lessons in an atmosphere of enforced sweetness. We must let boys be boys—so they can become men.

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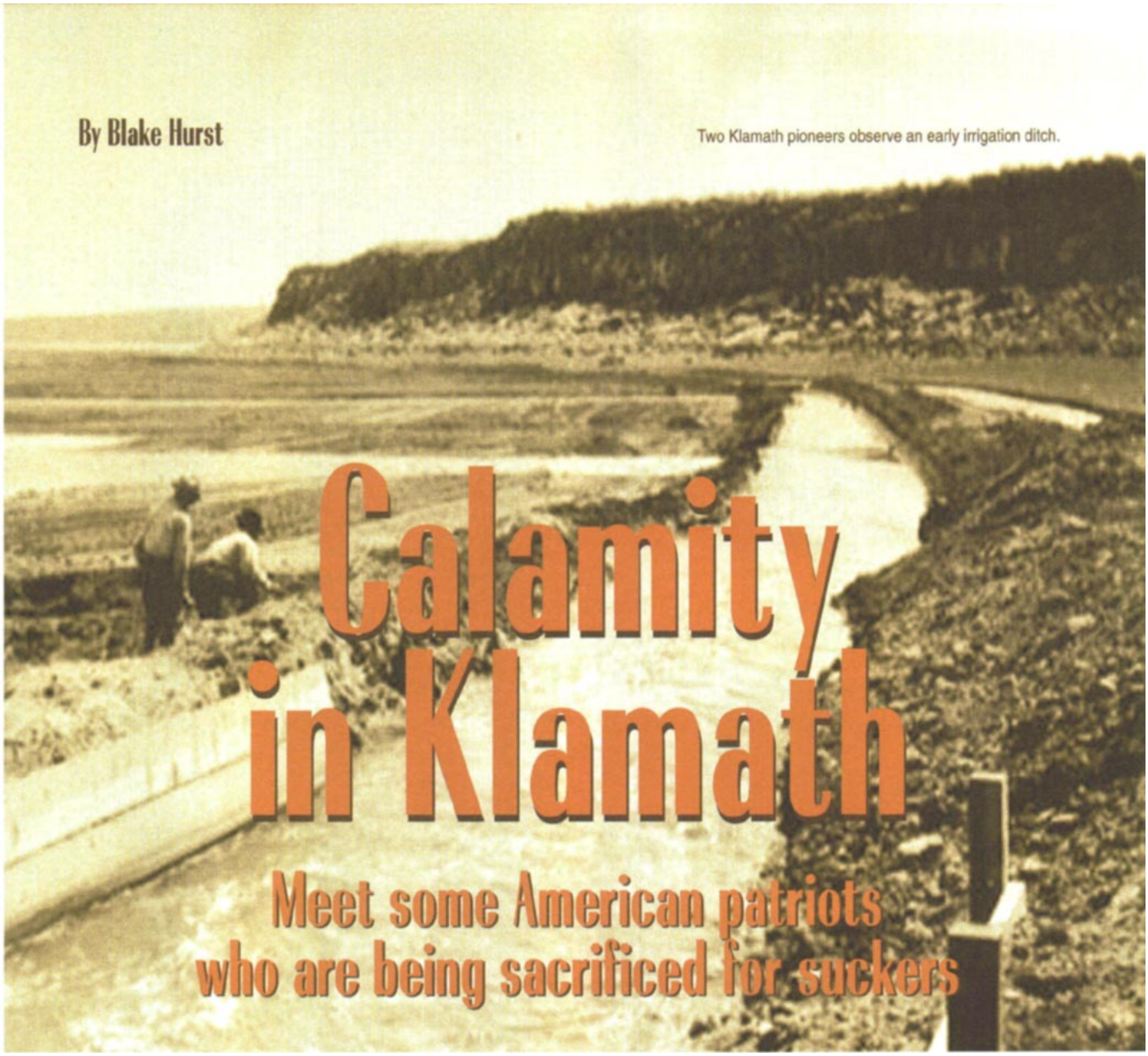
By Blake Hurst



Two Klamath pioneers observe an early irrigation ditch.

Lawson Kandra

Calamity in Klamath

Meet some American patriots who are being sacrificed for suckers

Paul Christy flew fighter planes in World War II, enlisting within hours of the attack on Pearl Harbor. He earned a Silver Star and a Purple Heart, and is extremely proud to have served his country. But today, when he talks about how he and his neighbors have been treated, tears come to his eyes. "Sixty years ago, I was behind Rommel's lines in North Africa. Today, I'm still fighting, although this time, it's against my own government."

Christy is a retired farmer in the Klamath basin of Northern California and Southern Oregon. In the spring of 2001, the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation announced abruptly that no water would be available for irrigation in his valley during the 2001 growing season. None whatever. Instead, bureaucrats with the Fish and Wildlife Service and the National Marine Fisheries Service decided that the water that had been used for agriculture for the last half-century should be retained in Upper Klamath Lake. Without water, the 1,200 local farmers were unable to raise their crops, an economic death sentence for the entire district.

The officials closing off the taps cited the Endangered Species Act, opining that the usual withdrawal of irrigation water from Upper Klamath Lake would harm the shortnose sucker, the Lost River sucker, and the coho salmon. "The decision was announced the day before President Clinton left office," notes basin farmer John Crawford—just another parting shot from a President who was extremely busy doing favors for his pet interests in the last weeks of his tenure.

The irrigation cutoff destroyed well over $100 million in immediate economic activity. As farmers and laborers attempted to deal with the loss of jobs, a year's income, and in some cases the land itself, referrals for mental health counseling increased dramatically. Sharon Molder, the principal of the local high school, reports that the district lost around 50 students after farm families sold their land and moved on. Students were under stress, understandably confused as to why three species of fish were more important than their lifelong homes. In perhaps the saddest story,

Blake Hurst is a TAE *contributing writer, and a third-generation Missouri farmer.*

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Molder told of a Hispanic family who had started out as field workers, and after a lifetime of piecework under the relentless Western sun had saved enough to buy their own farm. They lost everything as a direct result of the irrigation cutoff.

> The determination that won a World War and settled the West is still there, and the homesteaders vow to continue as implacable foes to those who detest their very existence in this beautiful place.

Paul Christy's tears for his farm are particularly poignant because of the way the basin was settled. Christy and his neighbors are latter-day homesteaders who actually received their land from a grateful nation in 1947 as a thank you for service in World War II. Over 4,000 veterans entered a lottery for land in the Klamath Project, gathering to watch the names drawn from a pickle jar. Each winner received a small plot of land, in Christy's case 70 acres, and brought his hopes and young family to the empty basin just as the irrigation project was being launched. There were no roads, no electricity, no schools, no churches, no homes. Just the stark beauty of the valley, surrounded by foothills and mountains in the distance. The government provided tarpaper-covered barracks recycled from a nearby Japanese internment camp, sawn into 50-foot-long sections and moved out to the farms. A handy pamphlet provided room plans and diagrams for turning half a barracks into one's dream home. Christy still lives in one of the barracks.

The settlers formed organizations, elected a school board, and went about creating a society. As resident Marty Macy describes it, "A promise was made to these folks. They had to uphold their end of the bargain, and the job they did was incredible. They were on a mission here to develop communities from the ground up. When they came there was no infrastructure of any kind. They were asked to feed a real hungry world after the war, and they have done that."

Lawson Kandra

Eleanor Bolesta as she arrived in Klamath after World War II.

Eleanor Bolesta, a machinist mate in the Navy during the war, settled in the Klamath Basin with her husband, a veteran who had been wounded fighting on Guam. She describes their farming initiation as "the most exciting thing that ever happened to me. At least in my generation, to have land is to have security. I never dreamed that I'd have my own farm. It was a very wonderful thing."

Their first summer on their spread, the Bolestas raised seed clover, earning enough money, Eleanor proudly reports, to buy a stove, a refrigerator, and a Chevy. Still ramrod straight in posture in her late 70s, Bolesta is appalled and angered at what has happened to her. In a recent interview, she brought along a copy of the deed that she received from the government after the 1947 land drawing. The patent grants rights to water from the project "to the said Eleanor J. Bolesta, and to her heirs and assigns, forever." When Bolesta enlisted in the Navy, she made a commitment. She kept her promise. Sadly, the same can't be said for the federal authorities.

Bolesta is only one of many homesteaders who feels betrayed by her government. Bob Lilliard landed on Utah Beach during the D-day invasion. Francis Webb was wounded on Okinawa. Carl Voorhees was a pilot, flying over enemy territory in a heavily loaded glider. Phil Krizo participated in 23 missions with a night fighter squadron in Italy, and fought in the China/Burma/India theater. These men and their progeny are fiercely proud of their membership in the "greatest generation," and they simply cannot fathom why the rug was pulled out from under their lives in the summer of 2001.

The Klamath Basin Project was begun in 1905 as the second undertaking of the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation. The basin receives around 12 inches of rain a year, making most agriculture impossible without irrigation. Before the cutoff, local farmers grew potatoes, onions, small grains, and horseradish. They also hosted hundreds of thousands of breeding migratory birds, and as many as 1,000 bald eagles at a time, making the area one of the West's most important refuges for wildlife. Farmers are proud of their role in supporting the wildlife populations, and have long left a portion of their grain in the field for the birds—grain that wasn't available after the irrigation cutoff. Ecologists, notes John Crawford, have long preached the evils of "single species management," yet last year over 400 species of creatures living in the basin suffered along with the farmers, all for the supposed benefit of only three species.

When you think of Western water projects, the majestic lines of the Hoover Dam immediately come to mind, but the main dam on the Upper Klamath Lake is a lot humbler. There has always been a natural reef at the end of the lake—a long, narrow, and extremely shallow body of water—and all that was needed in the man-made dam was a few feet of extra height to store water for use in the summer. An engineering marvel, the project moves water to where it is needed, when it is needed, supplies two wildlife refuges, collects and reuses runoff, and is a finely tuned mechanism that has, in the past, carefully served many competing interests. The project is unique in the West because of its efficiency; most of the water is used several times for diverse purposes. And the water used for irrigation hasn't been diverted from elsewhere but has always been present in the basin; the complex series of dams and canals just changes the timing of the local water flows.

"Making the desert bloom like a rose" is an ethic no longer much respected, but the designers of this project took it to heart. Locals are astonished that decades of effort are now being discarded like yesterday's newspaper, without appreciation for the

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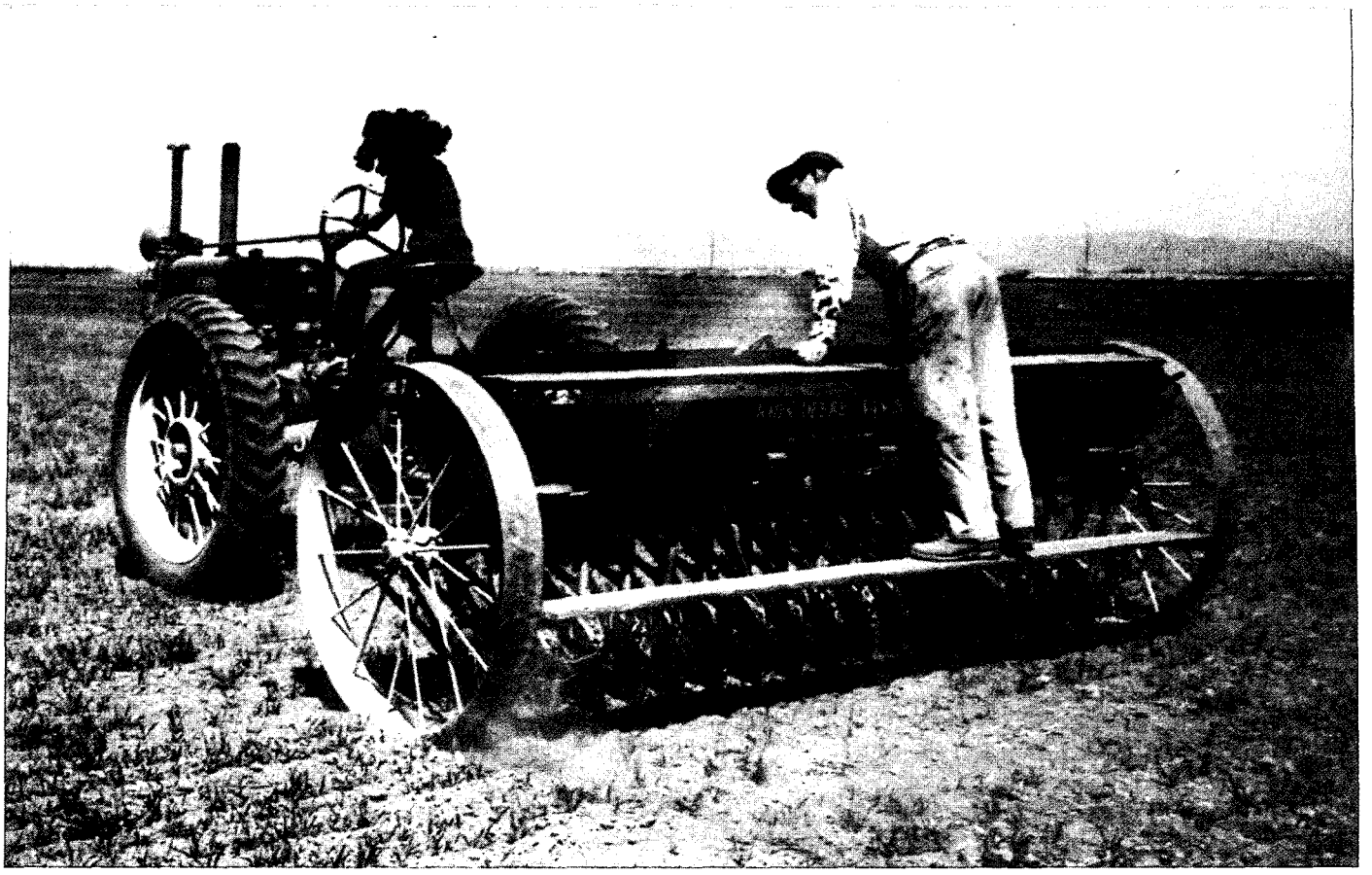

Lawson Kandra

Philip and Barbara Krizo in their early homesteading work.

noble way the wasted natural resources of the basin have been put to use. Two large seasonal lakes originally covered the basin, so it was never desert, but has always been mucky and rich in organic matter. Tracey Liskey, a farmer in the basin, splutters that when he dug a well he bored through 900 feet of duck guano. (That's not really what he said, but this is a family magazine.) Dave Krizo raises crops organically without fertilizer, and produces yields that would be the envy of Midwestern farmers. This is some of the most fertile land in the country, and is ideally suited to agriculture. The farmers raise crops that are not in surplus or generally subsidized. Unlike some western water projects, this one made good economic sense.

Perhaps the basin was chosen as an environmentalist target because the residents were perceived as unsophisticated. This may once have been true, but no longer. The farmers in the basin received national media coverage last summer when they organized a "bucket brigade" to dramatize their plight, drawing 20,000 sympathizers to the headgates of the main irrigation canal. A Web site and cell phone calling tree have been set up, and when my wife and I journeyed to the basin we were the beneficiaries of an extremely savvy media operation, with scheduled visits to numerous homesteaders, farmers, scientists, and government officials, all organized by local activist Bob Gasser. We met Gasser in a parking lot, next to his pickup festooned with dozens of bumper stickers expressing colorful displeasure with the recent governance in his community.

Local farmers have produced a series of videos outlining their predicament, and have actively lobbied government officials. Principal Molder reports that when students organized to lobby for a reversal of the irrigation cutoff, discipline problems at the high school decreased from their initial spike. The farmers have all become fairly competent hydrologists and limnologists, telling visitors more about the spawning cycle of the shortnose sucker than anybody but a lovelorn sucker would ever want to know. These folks responded to a mortal threat to their livelihood and way of life in the best traditions of American democracy. If only their opponents had acted as honorably.

Whatever the reason that Clinton administration environmentalists chose the Klamath Basin for the biggest water-rights confrontation in the nation, we can be sure that it wasn't good environmental science. The groundwork was laid in the 1988 decision to list the two sucker species as endangered, based on a combined estimated population of 15,000. The Endangered Species Act as currently written is a draconian law that allows almost no room for compromise or common sense in its implementation. Once any creature is listed as "endangered," all other interests must defer utterly and immediately to whatever the biological regulators prescribe.

Since the "endangered" listing of the suckers, an ever-increasing contingent of government scientists (soon to outnumber the fish, if the direst reports are to be believed) has been tagging and counting suckers. From 1995 to 1997, 3,439 suckers were tagged by graduate students enjoying the delightful summer weather in the area. Yet large fish kills from near-toxic levels of ammonia during the same period resulted in only 23 tags being recovered from the over 5,000 sucker carcasses examined. The farmers and extension scientists in the area immediately asked: If less than

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half of 1 percent of all dead fish recovered were tagged, even after 3,400 had been marked, doesn't that suggest the true population is much larger than 15,000? The regulators were not amused by this commonsense reaction which suggests their numbers don't make sense.

The official opinion was that the sucker die-offs, whatever portion of the total population they represented, were being caused by lake levels that had fallen too low. But old-timers in the area can remember hay being cut along the lake below water levels that the complicated computer models of government biologists now deem essential. During a dry spell in the early '90s, the lake got so low that local residents were picking up artifacts from Indian camps in areas that regulators insist have always been under water.

If high lake levels are better, locals ask, why do suckers often die when the lake is up, while in the 13 years of lowest lake level over the past century, no major fish kills have occurred? None.

Dr. Ken Rykbost heads the Klamath Experiment Station, which is part of Oregon State University. No slave to sartorial dictates, he wears the kind of Western shirts that involve lots of steel snaps, plus cowboy boots to go with his crew cut. He's no slave to scientific fashion either, staking out a position on water quality and fish survival that has environmentalists hollering. Although uncomfortable with the criticism, he continues to point out the correlation between high water levels and fish kills, and he doesn't stop there. Everybody involved with the issue admits that the water quality in Upper Klamath Lake is awful. Too high in phosphorous, the lake experiences regular algae blooms that threaten fish. The real controversy revolves around when the water quality is worst, and what causes the high nutrient loading in the first place.

Environmentalists blame the problem on agricultural activity in the watershed above the lake. But the water quality seems to have been poor before agriculture ever reached the area. The famed America explorer John Frémont, who traveled through the area in the 1840s, reported that the water was "putrid," and refused to let his horses drink. The land above the lake is volcanic (Crater Lake National Park is not far away), and naturally rich in phosphorous. Fully 40 years ago, the National Geological Survey reported that there was already enough phosphorous in the sediment at the bottom of the lake to guarantee undesirable levels of nutrient loading for most of the century, even if no further drop of phosphorous entered the lake. In truth, the only agriculture above the lake is ranching, and no commercial fertilizers are applied to the pastureland because the soil is so high in phosphorous that none is needed. Naturally occurring springs in the watershed add groundwater that is extremely high in nutrients.

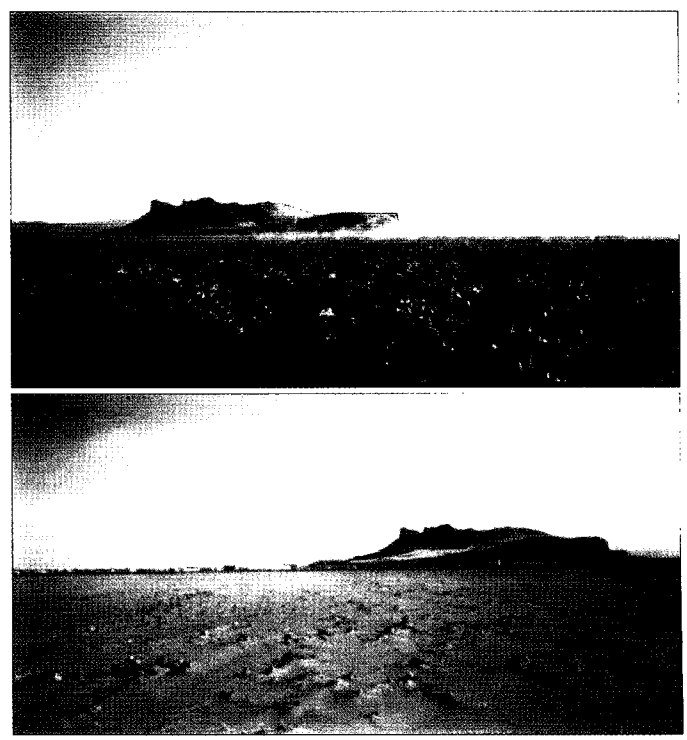
Models developed by scientists for other bodies of water in the West postulate that water quality should be worst when lake levels are low. But empirical data collected by Rykbost and others show just the opposite. Ammonia levels reach near toxic levels when the lake level is high, and fall much lower when the water retreats. Phosphorous levels too are higher in years when the lake is full. "Only certain information was used by the USFWS," admits former Fish and Wildlife Service employee and environmental consultant David Vogel. "Additional relevant science-based information was either overlooked or ignored," he says. "The agencies gave greater weight to theoretical information to support an assumption for high lake levels and high reservoir releases without acknowledging empirical data that did not support their premise."

> Were this a fight over anything other than environmentalist holy scripture, the media title for the pressures on local residents would be "catastrophe."

The third fish invoked by opponents of irrigation is the coho salmon, which is found, among many other places, in the Klamath River below the lake. Coho salmon are commonly raised in hatcheries, and these fish are genetically identical to those that breed naturally. But environmentalists do not want fishery-raised salmon to be counted in the census that determines whether a species is endangered. In fact, they have gone so far as to *kill* "introduced" fish by whacking them with baseball bats, and, most recently, Fish and Wildlife Service employees destroyed 170,000 mature stocked coho before they could spawn.

A recent court decision put a halt to artificial distinctions between salmon runs according to their origins, and the question of whether hatchery-raised fish in the Klamath River are really fish now rests before the Ninth Circuit Federal Court. (No doubt

The valley before the water cutoff.



The valley after the water cutoff.

Tulelake Growers Association

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Blake Hurst

Dave Krizo, Philip and Barbara's son, stands in front of an original barracks on the family homestead near Tulelake, California.

environmentalists would prefer a decision rendered by judges raised among wolves rather than those born in hospitals.) Residents of the basin see irony in the fact that the cohos destroyed by the Fish and Wildlife Service appeared on the menus of local food banks. Communities have been strangled in order to help a fish so plentiful it's available to be served to hungry homeless people.

At the request of the incoming Bush administration, the National Academy of Sciences convened a panel late in 2001 to examine the biological opinions used to shut off the water at Klamath. The panel accepted much written testimony, and spent a day hearing verbal arguments from various parties to the controversy—mostly Indian tribes claiming ancestral water rights, various environmental groups, and the government agencies that have their oars in this lake. At the end of the day, the farmers and their representatives were granted 24 minutes to talk.

But when the draft of the National Academy report appeared early this year, a strange thing happened. The panel members actually looked at the empirical evidence, and decided that the data did not justify the regulatory action taken in the spring of 2001. "The committee concludes that there is no substantial scientific foundation at this time for changing the operation of the Klamath Project to maintain higher water levels in Upper Klamath Lake for the endangered sucker populations or higher minimum flows in the Klamath River main stem for the threatened coho population." The unanimous decision goes on to state that increased releases from the lake into the river in the summer months might actually be harmful to the salmon, as water temperatures in the lake are near lethal levels for the coho during the summer.

It was a breathtaking rebuke to the government agencies. The farmers rejoiced. Environmentalists wailed. The *New York Times* weighed in with a particularly tendentious editorial, essentially admitting: science be damned, everybody knows those farmers should never have been there in the first place. The *Times* argument encapsulated much that is disturbing to those who live and work in rural areas of the American West. Its screed roundly criticized the Academy report, and castigated Westerners for overreacting to the "annoying" steps taken to protect three fish. "Annoying" was a nice touch: over $100 million in economic losses, thousands of people without income, farm workers going hungry because no work was available, and a cloud over the very existence of numerous towns and communities—were this any other than a fight for environmentalist holy scripture, the media title for the situation would surely have been "catastrophe."

Any human activity, including the printing of the *New York Times*, disrupts what went before. For all we know, the *Times* building may be located in the long-lost habitat of any number of animal species. The grave problem with the Endangered Species Act is that it makes no allowances whatever for the social, economic, cultural, or even other environmental costs of sheltering its favored creatures. Rural Americans are learning that the really important calculus in species-protection fights and other environmental ruckuses is not over costs, but over votes. Exotic species are priceless only when they reside where powerful voters don't.

Proof can be found just a few miles from the nation's capital. Each and every day, fifteen truckloads of sludge are dumped into the Potomac River. Soon a new bridge will be constructed across the waterway. All this happens in willful disobedience to the dictates of the Endangered Species Act. You see, the sludge disrupts the spawning grounds of the shortnose sturgeon—which for some reason seems not to be as important to Beltway bureaucrats, environmentalists, and politicians as its kissing cousin the shortnose sucker (conveniently located in *farm country*).

Nor does the shortnose sturgeon seem to be as vital as the pallid sturgeon, which has the good fortune of living in the Missouri River instead of the Potomac. Washington, D.C.'s Fish and Wildlife Service has recommended that large parts of the Midwest be flooded each spring in order to ensure the prosperity of the pallid sturgeon. Does it simply have a cuter nose? Or could this decision have something to do with the fact that the people living in Hamburg, Iowa and Rock Port, Missouri are easier to push around than the residents of Georgetown and other tony precincts where our nation's order-giving class congregates?

Bills have been introduced in Congress that would require scientific peer review of all current Endangered Species listings and habitat designations. When the railroading of Klamath residents is coupled with many dubious new "endangered" listings over the last decade, not to mention scandals like the recent

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attempt by biologists to plant domesticated lynx hair in the wild as a way of forcing land to be set aside as protected lynx territory, it seems only sensible that we question the validity of what passes for science in the enforcement of today's Endangered Species Act.

The Act has long been plagued by faulty data. Almost as many species have been removed from the list because they never should have been on it, as have been "recovered" through restoration efforts. One bill introduced by Oregon Representative Greg Walden would require all data used in Endangered Species enforcement to be reviewed by outside specialists, a suggestion which enraged environmentalists who testified at a recent hearing on the proposal. Andrew Dobson, a scientist from Princeton, opposed the bill because it would be cumbersome, expensive, and time consuming to review the work done by regulators. Imagine consuming time and money in the cause of better environmental decision-making!

Of course the truth is that the cost of convening a panel of the National Academy of Sciences would be vastly less than the losses suffered by the farmers in the Klamath Project. In fact, the losses of the citizens of the Klamath area would pay for *hundreds* of scientific panels, and the money would be well spent. It seems evident that environmentalists and the regulators they have long manipulated can no longer be entrusted with important rulings without reviewing all of their work, including the collection of data.

In March of this year, in response to the NAS report and heavy snowfall above Upper Klamath Lake, which increased the water available, the Bush administration finally took steps to restore water to the basin. Farmers were able to irrigate again this year. But until all of the suits filed in response to the administration's decision are settled, they won't know whether their farms will continue to receive water in the future, or how much. The battle will have to be fought again each and every spring, with the outcome depending on the political whims of the administration in power, the snowfall of the preceding winter, and the fancy of the judges involved in the endless litigation. Meanwhile, local residents have no peace of mind, their land values have collapsed, their futures are foggy. No resident can feel secure in his property. Nothing will ever be as it had been in Klamath.

The residents of Klamath are admirable people; many qualify as true heroes. But can 1,200 or so farm families with modest resources sustain the fight, raising the funds needed for constant litigation while keeping their businesses running? The determination that won a World War and settled the West is still there, and the homesteading veterans and their successors vow to continue as implacable foes of those who detest their very existence in this beautiful place. But the Klamath Basin was chosen by the Clintonites as the locale of the biggest water fight in the West and a test case for the Endangered Species Act specifically because nobody there is rich or powerful. There are no new homes on the farms, no shiny equipment, and the living afforded by the basin is modest. While interest groups and politicians pay homage to the concept of the small family farm, the under-100-acre spreads that dot the Klamath valley are much easier targets than the urban populations and powerhouse corporations that depend on larger water projects.

The grave problem with the Endangered Species Act is that it makes no allowances whatever for the social, economic, cultural, or even other environmental costs of sheltering its favored creatures.

At a recent hearing of the House Resources Committee on bills to amend some flexibility into the Endangered Species Act, the press director for the Environmental Defense Fund approached me and struck up a conversation. I explained why I was there, and that I had just returned from a trip to the Klamath Basin. He asked me quizzically if the folks there were "still upset."

"Still upset?" Eleanor Bolesta is more than upset. She's been betrayed by a government that she trusted. She's lost all that she ever worked for, because there is no longer a market for any land in Klamath.

Paul Christy is more than "upset." He's profoundly angry, and his feelings won't fade with time. Sixty years ago, he risked his life so that today's 20-somethings from the Environmental Defense Fund can testify before Congress, and his sacrifice was rewarded with a promise—a promise now broken in large part because of the efforts of the Environmental Defense Fund.

That careless question from a pleasant yuppie environmentalist exhibits either a willful ignorance of the actual results of today's Endangered Species Act, or a heartless disregard for the effort, love, sweat, tears, and dedication that goes into building any farm, community, business, or productive individual life tied to the land. Environmental groups have a vision of the West which places no value on human presence and output, a vision which would replace the rural West with their unpeopled version of Eden. At times it seems that the cultural divide between those who actually live on the land and those who would sacrifice any residents to suckerfish, moths, and beetles may just be too great a gulf to bridge.

The Klamath settlers have another vision—one which values all of creation, and finds a place for strong and productive human communities. The Krizos, the Christys, the Macys, and their neighbors are true American heroes. After winning a war, they followed in the footsteps of the pioneers of previous centuries and pulled up their stakes to move West. Settling an empty land, they built families and neighborly institutions, extending the fabric of American life.

These Americans love their country, and have lived lives that embody the ideals on which it was founded. As they reach the end of their days, we should be celebrating their achievements. Instead, we—in the person of our collective government—are threatening their livelihoods. For shame.

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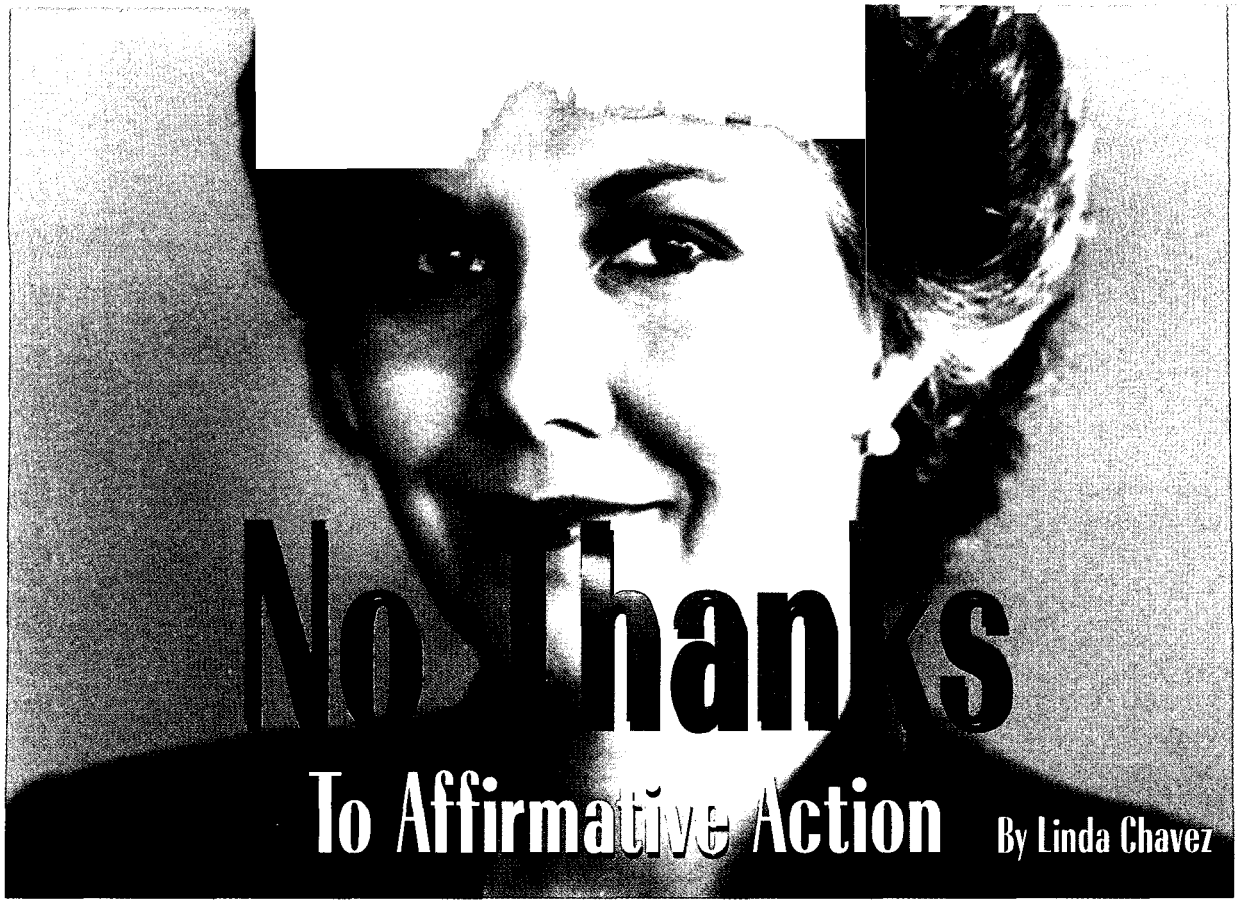

No Thanks

To Affirmative Action

By Linda Chavez

Back in 1974, when I was part of the Democratic staff of the House Judiciary Committee, I learned that Senator Alan Cranston, a liberal Californian, was about to lose the only Mexican American on his staff, a young lawyer with whom I was friendly. Outside of the New Mexico delegation there were probably fewer than a dozen Mexican American professionals employed throughout Congress at that time, and most of us knew each other, at least casually.

I decided to apply for the legislative assistant slot being vacated in Cranston's office, assuming I'd have an excellent shot at it with two-plus years of experience in civil rights enforcement with a Judiciary subcommittee, working for a California congressman. I sent over a copy of my résumé and several samples of my writing and soon received a call from Cranston's administrative assistant, Roy Greeneway.

The staff of powerful United States senators are powers themselves, often making the crucial decisions about what goes into legislation and guiding senators how to vote on critical bills. Lobbyists and constituents usually make their cases to congressional staff, many of whom develop huge egos as a result. Greeneway struck me as a prime example of this type. Gruff and overweight, he sat behind his desk in Cranston's office like a pasha receiving tribute from his underlings.

I came into the interview confident and prepared. My only drawback was that I was no longer a California resident, though I had maintained my voting residency there through the 1972 elections, voting absentee. Members of Congress usually preferred to hire staff from their home states, in part because they were more likely to understand local issues but also as a form of patronage. But having previously lived in California, I wasn't too worried that my residency would be held against me. Greeneway spent time carefully looking through the material I gave him.

"Who edits your writing?" he finally asked, looking up from one of the subcommittee reports I had authored.

"No one edits my writing. I edit the writing of other members of the staff. That's why I was hired. As a writer, I mean. The general counsel thought the committee needed someone who could take the lawyers' technical writing and turn it into plain English," I said, smiling pleasantly so as not to seem defensive.

"What about this?" he said, his eyes narrowing. He handed me a copy of a speech Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino delivered on the House floor when he cast his vote against Gerald Ford for vice president to replace Spiro Agnew, who had resigned in disgrace.

"I wrote it in close consultation with Mr. Rodino," I said. "The Chairman is very particular about his speeches. He has certain phrases he likes to use. We went through several drafts on this speech because it was so momentous. He had voted to report out Ford's name from the committee, but then he believed he had an obligation to his own constituents to oppose it on the floor when he was acting as an individual congressman, not as committee chairman," I said, trying to explain the elaborate reasoning Rodino had been so adamant that I capture in the speech.

"So then this speech was edited," Greeneway said, jumping on what he perceived as an inconsistency in what I had told him.

"I would say it was a collaborative process," I answered.

This is adapted from Linda Chavez's forthcoming autobiography An Unlikely Conservative *(Basic Books), which catalogues her migration from left to right on the political spectrum.*

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"It has been my experience that Mexican Americans have difficulty writing. The fellow who was in this job before couldn't write worth a damn," he added, to my amazement.

"As you can see, I was an English major. I taught literature and composition in graduate school. I have no difficulty writing." I tried not to sound angry, but my blood was boiling, and I could feel my face flushing.

"Let me think about it. I'll get back to you in a couple days," he said.

What is it with these liberals?, I thought as I left the office. They are eager to hire minorities, but they apparently don't think much of their skills. What they don't like is a minority who doesn't fit their neat little stereotypes. In Greeneway's mind, a well-spoken Mexican American who could actually write a coherent paragraph in English was automatically suspect.

When Greeneway didn't call after a couple of weeks, I called him. "Is there anybody at the committee who can verify that you wrote this material," he asked me.

I couldn't believe my ears. He was still at it.

"You can call Alan Parker," the general counsel of the subcommittee I'd worked for. "Or, better yet, Jerry Zeifman. He's the one who hired me in the first place," I added, knowing that Zeifman's name would carry some weight, since he was currently one of the most important people on Capitol Hill, as general counsel of the full House Judiciary Committee during the Nixon impeachment process.

But Greeneway never called either man, and I didn't get the job. I suspect that it was easier for him to believe that I was lying to him than to accept that someone with my background could actually string two sentences together. I was beginning to think that affirmative action was poisonous for me.

When I later left the Judiciary Committee for a job as a lobbyist for the National Education Association, I became convinced that affirmative action was a bad idea. I lasted less than a year at the NEA, feeling pigeonholed the entire time. Although I initially thought I had been hired because of my Capitol Hill experience, it became obvious on my first day at work that the NEA needed me to round out their "rainbow lobby." Of the five lobbyists on staff, one was black, one was American Indian, two were white men, and I provided them with a "two-fer," filling affirmative action slots as both a woman and a Mexican American.

The NEA prided itself on its racial, ethnic, and gender quotas. The bylaws of the organization mandated that its elected leaders mirror the racial composition of the population, and that half the elected slots go to women. Race, ethnicity, and sex were destiny at the NEA; everyone was defined in terms of his or her group. Consequently, they assigned me to attend the NEA's Chicano caucus meetings and to follow civil rights legislation—a responsibility I shared with my black and Indian colleagues—plus bilingual education.

I found the whole thing offensive—if not downright illegal.

It was clear to me that preferential treatment was simply perpetuating racial, ethnic, and sex stereotyping.

The civil rights laws themselves forbade employers to discriminate on the basis of race, sex, national origin, color, or religion. They didn't say anything about guaranteeing a certain number of slots to minorities or women. In fact, Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act expressly said that nothing in the law should be interpreted "to require preferences" on the basis of race or sex. Hubert Humphrey, the chief sponsor of the act, had promised that if anyone could find "any language which provides that an employer will have to hire on the basis of percentage or quota related to color, race, religion, or national origin, I will start eating the pages one after another, because it is not in there."

Yet the supporters of affirmative action everywhere seemed to believe that the only way to eliminate racial discrimination against blacks, Latinos, and women was to discriminate against white men. By 1975, racial, ethnic, and gender preferences were pervasive in public employment, dictating the hiring of police officers, firefighters, and teachers, and setting aside a certain percentage of government work for minority firms in public contracting. Meanwhile, colleges and universities routinely admitted minority students under less stringent requirements than white students, and gave overwhelming preference to women in many fields. I found the trend troubling.

My first doubts had crept in just a few years earlier, while I was teaching in affirmative action programs myself at UCLA and the University of Colorado at Boulder. A series of shocking experiences had convinced me first hand that affirmative action was having devastating effects on academic standards and race relations. I learned, to my surprise, that the double standards these programs erect also badly hurt the intended beneficiaries—encouraging them to wallow in self-pity rather than improving their skills, and casting a pall on the qualifications of all minorities and women, even those who are quite talented. And of course affirmative action programs cause deep resentment among those denied jobs, promotions, or admission to college because they happen to be white or male.

After my years of teaching and working in politics, I now believed fervently that no one should be discriminated against because of his or her color or sex—and that included white males. I also knew that affirmative action programs were creating ugly new prejudices and barriers to advancement for blacks, Latinos, and women. It was clear to me that preferential treatment was simply perpetuating the skills gap between whites and minorities and promoting racial, ethnic, and sex stereotyping. But I was beginning to despair that I would ever find any job where a liberal-minded employer shared my hard-won views.

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The quirky preacher who first conquered America's mightiest peak

When gold was discovered in the United States territory of Alaska in the 1870s, the prospectors found that the north and south of the territory were divided by an unbroken range of sharp mountain peaks. On clear days, a colossal dome could be seen rising from the center, white and shining, far higher than anything around it.

Native Alaskans knew it simply as "the big one," and it remained unnamed until 1897. That year prospector William Dickey wrote an account of his Alaska travels for the *New York Sun*. He told of dangerous river journeys, fierce timber wolves, and monstrous bears that broke windows and climbed into cabins. But most of all he had been impressed by a stupendous mountain he estimated to tower over 20,000 feet, which would make it the highest point in North America.

On an accompanying sketch Dickey labelled the peak "Mt. McKinley." He later admitted that the idea occurred to him on a whim. After two miners on the trail had bored him with arguments about the economic virtues of silver, he decided to retaliate by naming the mountain after U.S. Senator William McKinley, then the leading advocate of the competing gold standard.

Over the next decade and a half, no mountain anywhere had so strange and tangled a history as Mount McKinley. A series of expeditions converged on the mountain after the turn of the century, in attempts to conquer its summit. The first claimants to that crown turned out to be impostors who actually falsified their ascents. It took an eccentric missionary—an immigrant preacher who stated "I would rather climb Mount McKinley than own the richest gold mine in Alaska," a man who gave Latin lessons and administered sacraments as he climbed—to finally find a way up our continent's mightiest mountain.

Mick Conefrey and Tim Jordan, producers for the British Broadcasting Corporation, are authors of Mountain Men, *recently published by Da Capo Press, from which this is excerpted.*

When the Reverend Hudson Stuck accepted a missionary posting to Alaska in 1904, he packed his climbing equipment and barometric instruments in the knowledge that the country contained "an unclimbed mountain of the first class." In his native England he had hiked the Lake District, and later spent a summer in the Alps. While en route to Alaska he climbed Mount Rainier. Now, after eight years as the Episcopal Church's Archdeacon of the Yukon, he was a hardened wilderness traveller. But there had been few opportunities to indulge his love of high places.

For, in the end, his interest in climbing was exceeded by his passion for missionary work. "I am more interested in men than in mountains," he once said. And no people concerned him more than the Athabascan Indians of Alaska. His was outspokenly devoted to their spiritual and physical welfare, and journeyed long and hard to bring the Gospel to their remote settlements. A visitor described Stuck this way in 1910:

> He had grown a beard which changed his personal appearance until he resembled none else so much as the Man...who died on Calvary.... He looked as though the sins of the world rested upon his shoulders and he was forced to carry the burden as his Cross. His voice was kind and sweet, yet so sad, and while his words were words of optimism, they were few and far between.... He tells no stories unless they point a moral, or voice an indignity put upon his people.

Yet in 1912, after near misses by other would-be McKinley climbers, it seemed to Stuck as if the mountain was calling to him. He persuaded his bishop to grant him leave to attempt a climb in the following year. He was 49 years old.

Needing strong young comrades, but limited by the expedition's budget of $1,000, Stuck eventually coaxed a local miner to go for nothing. Harry Karstens, known as the "Seventy Mile Kid" for his gold panning along the Seventy Mile River, was 34. A resident of

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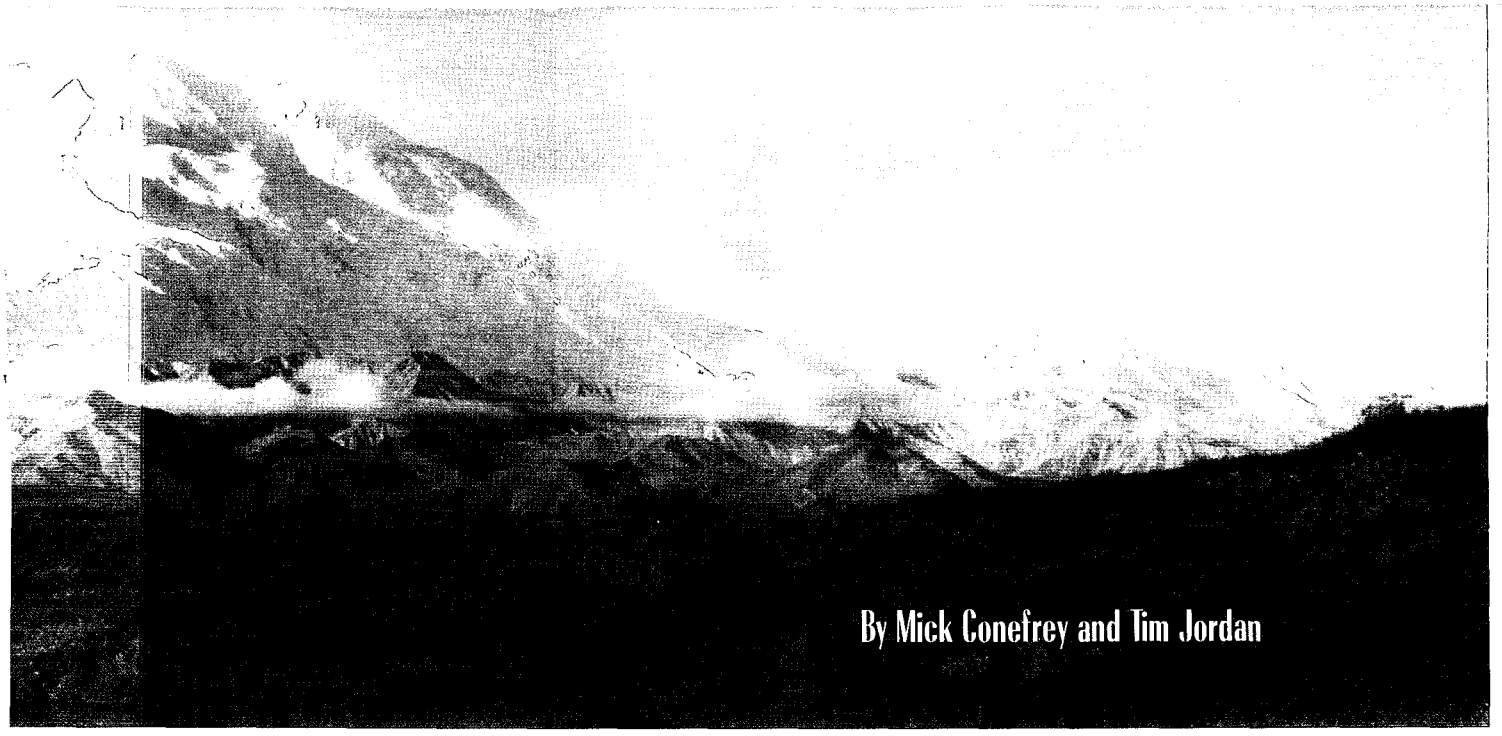

By Mick Conefrey and Tim Jordan

Alaska since he was 19, Karstens was enormously strong and self-reliant, and proved a fortunate choice. The party was completed by Robert Tatum, an acquaintance of Stuck's in training for the priesthood, and Walter Harper, a half-Indian young man whom Stuck was tutoring and had virtually adopted. Both were 21 years old.

The party left Fairbanks in mid March 1913. Stuck had become convinced that the primary difficulties in topping McKinley lay "in its remoteness, its size, the great distances of snow and ice its climbing must include the passage of, the burdens that must be carried over those distances." His solution was to establish numerous high camps, and lay siege to the summit. As for rations, bringing canned food to the mountain was "like bringing coals to Newcastle." They were travelling across some of the best game country in the world. At their base camp, Stuck and his companions killed four caribou and a mountain goat, and boiled the meat down in a 50-pound lard can. By combining the reduced meat with butter, and molding it in their hands, they produced 200 balls of food, which, according to Stuck, they "never failed to enjoy."

They now had unexpected visitors. Although Stuck had carefully prevented news of the expedition from reaching the Fairbanks papers, it was common knowledge at his mission stations and among the Athabascan people. Suddenly a young couple arrived at the high base camp with a baby, having walked 100 miles in the hope of finding the Archdeacon and having him baptize their new child. The ceremony was duly performed, amid the heads and skins of the butchered animals. To Stuck's astonishment, it then transpired that the couple had never been married, so a second ceremony was performed before they went happily on their way. The pastor recorded in his journal:

> I was rejoiced at one more of the many instances I could recount of the fidelity of the natives to the teachings of the Church. I wonder how far up the mountain they would have followed us had they found our base camp deserted? Our little party discussed that matter when they were gone. Walter thought they would have followed us to the glacier, but not beyond, but I think they would have gone on until they could go no further, or until their food was entirely consumed.

On April 11 the mountaineers made their way to a point some 20 miles from the summit. For the next three weeks they ferried supplies to their climbing depot at the head of a glacier. The work was "ceaseless grind" and Stuck was amazed by the heat of the sun. The first of May, the Feast of Ascension, was a day of particular "toil and penance"; it seemed impossible that he was panting and sweating while surrounded entirely by ice and snow. Strange, too, was the solitary rabbit that followed them to 10,000 feet of altitude. It gnawed at the willow canes they left to mark their path, and at one point was seen to leap a crevasse.

Two days later they were camped at 11,500 feet, more than halfway up the mountain. The ridge ahead presented an unpleasant surprise: A recent earthquake had rent what was once a smooth path into a jumbled mass. Blocks of ice and rock lay in all manner of positions, with here a pinnacle and there a great gap. Moreover, the floor of the glacier was strewn with enormous icebergs.

Traversing this three-mile ridge now occupied Stuck's party for three long weeks. In order to relay their supplies to higher camps, it was necessary to cut a staircase through the tangle of ice-blocks: "over them, around them, on the sheer sides of them, under them, whatever seemed to our judgment the best way of circumventing each individual block." Karstens led the way, assisted by Harper, while Stuck and Tatum ferried supplies behind them. They were frequently driven down by bad weather, astonished by how quickly it could change. While they waited in their tent on the glacier for storms to pass, sometimes for days, Tatum practiced reciting church liturgies. Stuck worked on a forthcoming book about his travels as a missionary, *Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled*, and resumed his tutoring of Harper: "An hour or two of

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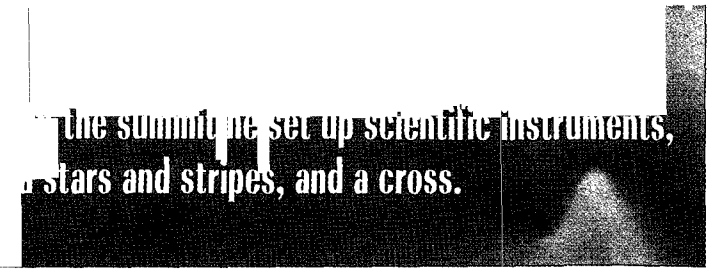

history and geography, gave the day variety and occupation. A pupil is a great resource."

But time passed slowly. It was not until May 27 that Karstens reached the unbroken snow above the earthquake cleavage. Stuck no longer believed that climbing McKinley was entirely a matter of logistics and endurance: The shattered ridge added "all the spice of sensation and danger that any man could desire." He was full of praise for his partner's judgment and daring. The four men now moved their camp up Karstens' precarious staircase, to the edge of the "Grand Basin" between McKinley's north and south summits. The worst was now behind them.

They camped at 15,000 feet, and again at 16,500. Altogether they were to make no fewer than five camps in the Grand Basin, the highest at 18,000 feet, to which they relayed more than two weeks of supplies. Stuck explained:

> We were at the base of the final peak, prepared to besiege it. If the weather should prove bad we could wait. We could advance our parallels, could put another camp on the ridge at 19,000 feet, and yet another halfway up the dome. If we had to fight our way step by step and could advance but a couple of hundred feet a day, we were still confident that, barring accident or desperate misfortune, we could reach the top.

Though resolute, Stuck was not enjoying himself. The summer he spent in Switzerland had been nothing like this: "To roam over glaciers and scramble up peaks free and untrammelled is mountaineering in the Alps—to toil upward with a 40-pound pack on one's back and the knowledge that tomorrow one must go down for another is mountaineering in Alaska." The thin air was taking a heavy toll on him. Every 20 or 30 paces he was forced to stop by fits of panting that grew more violent the higher they climbed; several times he fell onto the snow, choking, as "everything turned black" before his eyes. At 15,000 feet he had stopped smoking his pipe, but continued to fare worse than his companions, who gradually relieved him of any burden other than a large mercurial barometer. To this Stuck clung tenaciously, afraid that one of the others would break it.

Stuck had forgotten to bring an American flag. He now set Tatum to work looking for red, white, and blue material among their equipment. The result, sewn from two silk handkerchiefs and the cover of a needlework bag, was a dainty miniature of the stars and stripes.

At four o'clock in the morning of June 7, 1913, the group began to climb the final 2,300 feet to the summit. The sky was entirely clear, but a keen north wind was blowing. Stuck wore six pairs of socks inside his moccasins, and still his feet felt "like lumps of iron." On winter trails in the Yukon he had endured lower temperatures, but he was colder now. After a little more than seven hours, the north peak was already below them. Stuck's shortness of breath grew more distressing as they neared the south summit. He wondered if he might be physically unable to do it. At Harper's insistence he finally "surrendered" his mercurial barometer; all he had to do now was carry himself to the top.

> With keen excitement we pushed on. Walter, who had been in the lead all day, was the first to scramble up; a native Alaskan, he is the first human being to set foot upon the top of Alaska's greatest mountain, and he had well earned the lifelong distinction. Karstens and Tatum were hard upon his heels, but the last man on the rope, in his enthusiasm and excitement somewhat overpassing his narrow wind margin, had almost to be hauled up the last few feet, and fell unconscious for a moment upon the floor of the little snow basin that occupies the top of the mountain.

As soon as Stuck recovered, he said a brief prayer of thanksgiving. They now set up their scientific instruments—a procedure they had carefully rehearsed lower on the mountain. When the readings were taken, Tatum attached his tiny flag to a tent pole and waved it for a moment—then removed it and handed the pole to Stuck, who lashed on a crosspiece to form "the sign of Our Redemption." Around this the men gathered to say the Te Deum. After 90 minutes on the summit, they began their descent.

Stuck wrote later:

> Only those who have for long years cherished a great and almost inordinate desire, and have had that desire gratified to the limit of their expectation, can enter into the deep thankfulness and content that filled the heart upon the descent of this mountain. There was no pride of conquest, no trace of that exultation of victory some enjoy upon the first ascent of a lofty peak, no gloating over good fortune that had hoisted us a few hundred feet higher than others who had struggled and been discomfited. Rather was the feeling that a privileged communion with the high places of the earth had been granted.

The Reverend Hudson Stuck died in 1920 and is buried at the remote Athabascan settlement of Fort Yukon, his mission headquarters a few miles inside the Arctic Circle. His portrait still looks down from the wall of his church.

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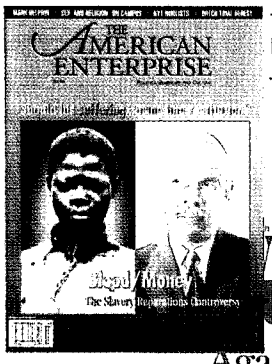

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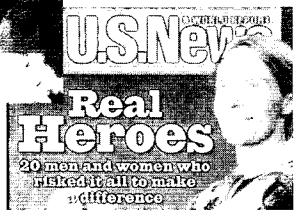

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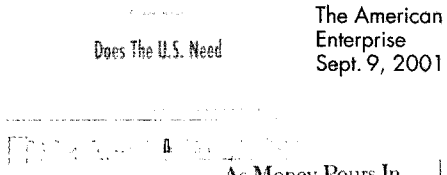

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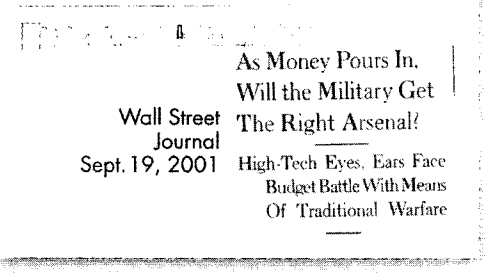

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July/August 2001

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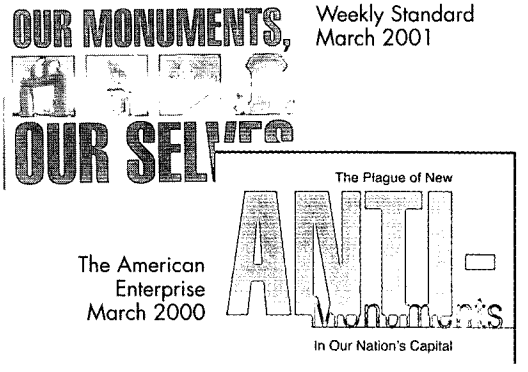

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March 2001

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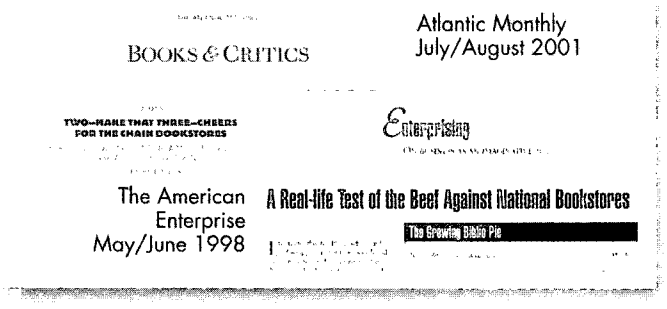

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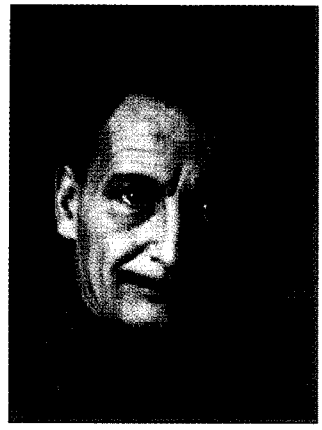
Orwell Misses America

The author of *1984* and *Animal Farm* was one of the twentieth century's keenest social observers. But when it came to apprehending the USA, his vision was foggy.

By Christopher Hitchens

George Orwell was an admirer of the American essayist Thomas Paine, and a student of his truth-telling style. But when it came to Paine's adopted country, Orwell exhibited a curious blind spot. He never visited the U.S., and showed little curiosity about it. He was suspicious of its commercial culture, resentful of its imperial ambitions, and fastidious about its sheer scale and vulgarity. America thus became the glaring exception to Orwell's prescience about the century in which he lived.



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Like many critics of his day, Orwell took fairly easy pot-shots at the violence and crassness of American comics and pulp fiction. He criticized the nastiness of certain magazines intended for children, which he contrasted with the relative wholesomeness of British "Boys' Weeklies." He deplored the gangster ethic then becoming fashionable at the movies.

Orwell tried to avoid snobbery and insularity, however, writing in a guarded 1935 review of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* that "the American language is less flexible and refined than the English, but it has more life in it, perhaps." That final qualifier expresses an ambivalence which he never quite overcame and which is, perhaps, insuperable even for an admirer of American culture. In April 1936 he quoted a scene of cruelty and violence from a cheap American novel and added:

> This kind of disgusting rubbish (hailed as "genius" when it comes in a slightly more refined form from Hemingway) is growing commoner and commoner. Some of the three-penny "Yank Mags" which you buy at Woolworth's now consist of nothing else.... In the old-style English novel you knocked your man down and then chivalrously waited for him to get up before knocking him down again; in the modern American version he is no sooner down than you take the opportunity of jumping on his face.

But a month later Orwell wrote this:

> Why is it that the typical English novel is staid to the point of primness and the typical American novel is bursting with noise, "action," and physical violence? Ultimately, I think, because in America the tradition of nineteenth-century freedom is still alive, though no doubt the reality is as dead as it is here. In England life is subdued and cautious. Everything is governed by family ties, social status, and the difficulty of earning a living, and these things are so important that no novelist can forget them. In America they either do not operate or it is the convention for novelists to leave them out. Hence the hero of an American novel is presented not as a cog in the social machine, but as an individual working out his own salvation with no inhibitions and no sense of responsibility.

Orwell's brief career as a film reviewer for *Time and Tide* in the early years of the Second World War illustrate the same duality in his approach to the United States. He deplored the grossness of the product ("the usual machine-made mansion of the American film"). But he also extolled "the immense technical superiority of the Americans, their understanding of what is and is not impressive, their intolerance of amateurishness generally."

At about this same time, Orwell became the London correspondent of *Partisan Review*. This magazine and its editors had undergone a revulsion from Stalinism very similar to Orwell's own, and its American editors like Philip Rahv and Dwight Macdonald were his transatlantic co-thinkers. Orwell's wartime letters to *Partisan Review* compelled him for the first time to take an American audience into account.

It was in one of these letters, in March 1942, that Orwell published a sort of disguised self-criticism as part of a discussion of anti-American attitudes in England:

> Up 'til about 1930 nearly all "cultivated" people loathed the USA, which was regarded as the vulgariser of England and Europe. The disappearance of this attitude was probably connected with the fall of Latin and Greek from their dominant position as school subjects. The younger intel-

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lectuals have no objection to the American language and tend to have a masochistic attitude towards the USA, which they believe to be richer and more powerful than Britain. Of course it is exactly this that excites the jealousy of the ordinary patriotic middle class. I know people who automatically switch off the radio as soon as any American news comes on, and the most banal English film will always get middle-class support because "it's such a relief to get away from those American voices." Americans are supposed to be boastful, bad-mannered, and worshipers of money, and are also suspected of plotting to inherit the British Empire.... The people who are not anti-American are the declassed technician type (people like radio engineers) and the younger intelligentsia.

Orwell, in other words, could criticize simplistic anti-Americanism in others even when not completely eliminating it in himself. At this same time, he was chafing over the presence of GIs in his country:

> Even if you steer clear of Piccadilly with its seething swarms of drunks and whores, it is difficult to go anywhere in London without having the feeling that Britain is now Occupied Territory. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that the only American soldiers with decent manners are the Negroes. Before the war there was no popular anti-American feeling in this country. It all dates from the arrival of the American troops.

Orwell's egalitarian instinct made him chafe at the grotesque difference in pay between the American and British soldiers ("the whole American army is financially in the middle class") while his intuitive patriotism was aroused through the depiction of the stage and screen Englishman in America as:

> a chinless ass with a title, a monocle, and a habit of saying "Haw, haw." This legend is believed in by relatively responsible Americans, for example by the veteran novelist Theodore Dreiser, who remarks in a public speech that "the British are horse-riding aristocratic snobs."

Hostile though it is, the mention of Dreiser is a clue to the way in which Orwell tried to resolve this dilemma within himself. He always took American literature seriously (something that was by no means universal among his European contemporaries), and he came to the conclusion that its success had something to do with liberty. In 1943 he wrote a long essay on Mark Twain in which he identified the essence of a frontier style which, for all the faults and even fraudulence of its legend, evoked a real world where "at least it was not the case that a man's destiny was settled from his birth. The 'log cabin to White House' myth was true while the free land lasted. In a way, it was for this that the Paris mob had stormed the Bastille, and when one reads Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Whitman it is hard to feel that their effort was wasted." Orwell was one of the few English critics to keep in mind an old English folk memory of America as the promised land of freedom and equality.

In 1945 Orwell wrote a perceptive appreciation of the life and work of Jack London. Orwell's health was beginning to fail him badly at this time, and it can be conjectured that there is a certain envy in his admiration for London's virility and ruthlessness, his "commanding character and powerful physique." This, combined with the appeal of North America's immense space and fierce individualism, evidently struck a chord in the ailing and enfeebled man.

Reviewing a selection of popular fiction from the United States in the following year, Orwell wrote that "one other imaginary country that I acquired early in life was called America. If I pause on the word 'America,' and...call up my childhood vision of it, I see two pictures." There follows a very deft freehand sketch of the worlds of Tom Sawyer and Uncle Tom, with the conclusion that: "The civilization of nineteenth-century America was capitalist civilization at its best."

Only a few months earlier, however, Orwell had written to his agent to say that while he would be happy to write reviews for *The New Yorker* (which he later did): "As to visiting the USA, I have never had the slightest idea of doing so, and I don't know how the rumor can have got about." It seems that it was enough for Orwell to visit the country in his mind.

As the curtain was descending, his mind almost changed. Philip Rahv wrote urging him to come and visit his many American admirers. Acutely aware of the state of Orwell's health, he added that there were many climates in the United States well-suited to his tubercular condition. For a brief time, Orwell contemplated spending some time in the South, and writing a series of reports about everyday life in Dixie. But in the end, he was too weak to venture on any such voyage. It's impossible to contemplate the unrealized project of Orwell on the Mississippi without a piercing sense of loss.

The relationship between health and the United States persisted in a more banal form; the streptomycin that might have healed his lungs was only manufactured in America and there were bureaucratic, as well as financial, obstacles to obtaining it in England. Orwell enlisted the help of David Astor to try to gain access to a regular supply of this medicine, and this correspondence has the same pathos as his letters to Dwight Macdonald in which Orwell begged him to acquire a pair of shoes suitable for a large-footed man living in a time and place of rationing and scarcity.

The innovative medicine that might have saved him, the contacts with like-minded Americans that were tentatively made but not reinforced by personal contact, the unexplored avenues of literature and language—the American subject was in every sense Orwell's missed opportunity.

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Latin America on the Brink

By Mark Falcoff

Recent news from the nations to America's south is worrisome. Some major economies seem to be on the brink of collapse. Strongmen and left-wing radicals have taken the reins (or threaten to) in countries that have been important U.S. allies. Terrorism, the drug trade, and illegal immigration are on the rise; exports of vital resources like oil may be dangerously threatened. Will the coming years amount to a lost decade for South America—or, worse, a period when our hemisphere spirals into instability? Let's take a stroll down Latin American Way. The view is not pretty.

BRAZIL

Brazil—home to Latin America's largest economy—may be the greatest source of distress. The prospects of a leftist being elected president in late October are growing almost daily. At press time, Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva, presidential candidate of Brazil's Workers Party, was leading the polls with about a third of all votes in advance surveys. As usual, as the date of elections draws closer, Lula's competition begins to close the gap. Unfortunately, Ciro Gomes of the Popular Socialist Party, almost as left-wing as Lula, is running neck and neck with him. The main centrist candidate, José Serra of the Social Democratic Party, is trailing far behind.

It's possible that Brazil is too large and complex to precipitously veer off in a new and radical direction. Lula and Gomes, however, are both deeply convinced ideologues, and Brazil—a continent unto itself much like the United States—tends to overestimate its options in the international economic system. If either of these men carry out his most extreme economic proposals, billions of dollars will flow out of Brazil, as will a great many capable professionals.

In a best-case scenario, Lula and Gomes may back off and cover their retreats with atmospherics: Endless speeches against globalization, pilgrimages to gladhand with Fidel Castro in Cuba, perhaps a snub here and there to the American ambassador or to President Bush at some international meeting.

But it is also possible that either of these current frontrunners for president will try to impose their programs, root and branch, on Brazil. And for the world's ninth-largest economy—one whose performance strongly affects its South American neighbors, as well as the international financial system—this would be no small matter.

ARGENTINA

Perhaps the most important of Brazil's neighbors is Argentina. Yet at this point Brazil's economic fortunes could be the least of Argentina's problems. The Latin American country with the largest and most powerful middle class is experiencing rapid pauperization. A country that for generations helped feed the world is now suffering genuine hunger.

The Argentines have two urgent needs. The first is for immediate economic relief—their gross national product is declining fast without prospect of immediate recovery. This threatens the nation's democratic political system and the health of its civil society. The second order of business in Argentina is a credible plan to reorganize the country's internal finances so that it will not end up in this situation again. As yet the government of President Eduardo Duhalde has been long on asking for help, and short on offering solutions.

The government has so far failed to coax fresh money out of the International Monetary Fund and other financial institutions. As a result, the ruling party has dropped drastically in the polls. The present regime describes itself as transitional—Duhalde replaced the previous president by an act of congress, and is filling out his term—and hemorrhaging public support for the government has forced it to advance scheduled elections by six months, to March 2003.

But in many ways, elections offer few solutions. Today, roughly 29 percent of all Argentine voters say they favor a left-of-center alternative, 23 percent lean right-of-center, and 10 percent seek a "centrist" option. The rest are scattered in categories not easily classified. In other words, current polls suggest that no political leader or particular economic program enjoys enough support to govern.

VENEZUELA

Venezuela is a country rich enough in oil to be America's most important supplier, which, in fact, it often has been. Meanwhile, Venezuela has purchased social peace for two generations by indiscriminately showering the population with earnings from its primary natural resource. Over time, corruption, mismanagement, and inefficiency have wasted much of the nation's oil wealth, leaving 80 percent of the population in poverty.

The political sector's answer? More of the same, prescribed this time not by conventional politicians but by a self-styled military savior: retired lieutenant colonel Hugo Chávez. After nearly three years of his presidency, Venezuela's social indicators have not improved, even though oil prices have been at their highest level in two decades. In April, Chávez was driven briefly

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from office in an abortive coup, partly inspired by concern over the impending destruction of Venezuela's oil-producing sector.

While U.S. interests would be advanced if a different kind of government came to power in Venezuela, the forcible removal of Chávez before the end of his term (he has more than three years to serve) would be politically and diplomatically counterproductive, as well as morally questionable. A successor government would be unable to assume power—or to hold it—without a violent response from the hard-core *chavistas* among Venezuela's urban poor. Even if all the pieces fell into place perfectly, the new government would lack international legitimacy. We will likely be stuck with Chávez's economic incompetence and anti-American rhetoric for some time.

COLOMBIA

Then there is deeply troubled Colombia. This country *should* be the natural leader of South America: It has the most dynamic business community, the most cultured elite, and a wide range of valuable resources. But it is also a very easy place to produce illicit drugs, and it suffers severely from the entrenched presence of narco-terrorists. Among other things, the drug trade allows Colombia's large Marxist guerrilla movement, the FARC, to be self-financing and comparatively wealthy. Decent and law-abiding citizens, meanwhile, are at extraordinary risk of being kidnapped, or, if they are politically active, assassinated.

It seems incredible that a guerrilla movement of 17,000 misfits should be able to immobilize a country of more than 40 million. Of course it doesn't help that the United Nations, the European Union, various human rights organizations, and other pious agencies, place the armed guerrillas and the elected government on the same level of legitimacy. Some human-rights groups even wish to deny the elected government in Colombia the right to combat the nation's domestic insurgency.

But it is also the case that Colombia's civilian leaders—particularly former president Andrés Pastrana—have proven utterly feckless. During Pastrana's term, the guerrillas were permitted to control almost 40 percent of the national territory. Meanwhile, the so-called "peace process" went nowhere. Since then, the election of Alvaro Uribe, whom American news media have been quick to label a "hard-liner," represents a strong popular reaction to the nation's chaos and drift.

PERU

After ten years of authoritarian rule by Alberto Fujimori and his corrupt henchmen, Peru held competitive elections in which Alejandro Toledo—the nation's first democratically elected president of Indian heritage—emerged triumphant. Sadly, the Toledo administration, in office less than a year, has already been disgraced by scandals involving payoffs to key presidential aides, and the president himself has yet to offer his people an economic program behind which they can rally.

If the president cannot coax Peruvians to move beyond today's stagnant economic situation, there will be no positive effect even from a doubling of the amount of U.S. development assistance—which President Bush offered during his lightning visit to the country in late March. Worse still, if Toledo falters, the alternative is likely to be former president Alan García, who fled the country more than a decade ago after plunging it into bankruptcy. The fact that García now speaks the language of markets and efficiency should fool no one; he is still the same man who possesses a chilling knack for touching the most sensitive nerve-endings of the average Peruvian while wreaking his economic mischief.

Most South American countries finally embraced democracy about 20 years ago. A decade of vibrant economic growth followed their dissolution of dictatorships and moves toward freer markets. Since then, however, all major countries in South America except Chile have entered into economic stagnation and political decay.

The main problem is a deficient democratic political culture, blame for which must be shared equally by leaders and citizens. Riots and peremptory demands for food and jobs cannot produce either.

For its part, the international press like to blame South America's ills on the United States. Somewhat more subtly they criticize the free-market reforms prescribed during the 1990s by the International Monetary Fund. But many good things happened in Latin America as a result of the pressure for balanced budgets, stable currencies, lower tariffs, and privatization of large public companies. National currencies were strengthened, saving was encouraged, inflation came to an end, and in some nations long-term home mortgages and other personal lending became available for the first time. Meanwhile, billions of dollars were repatriated from foreign banks.

What *did not* occur was a lasting change in the way most Latin American governments do business. Primary and secondary education remained starved for funds; state enterprises were sold to insiders in transactions blackened by personal payoffs; judicial systems have generally lacked independence; essential ministries like public works, health, and law enforcement have been padded with loafers and political cronies.

It had long been the fashion to blame Latin America's problems on the military caste. But it is worth keeping in mind that all of the governments of the 1990s were freely elected, often by large popular majorities. Clearly democracy alone is not the solution to the problems of our southern neighbors. Latin Americans must tackle basic issues like economic discipline, property rights protection, transparency and honesty in public institutions, the work ethic, judicial independence, and economic freedom. Without these things, no outside forces, no matter how well intentioned, can solve their problems for them.

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Transcript

Words worth repeating

Defending Dignity

Condensed from an interview with Leon Kass, head of President Bush's Advisory Council on Bioethics, and a fellow at the American Enterprise Institute. The interview was conducted by Nigel Cameron and published in Christianity Today, *May 23, 2002.*

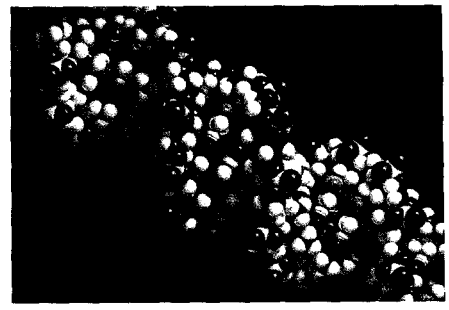
CT: It's hard now to remember that when the President spoke to the nation in a televised speech on August 9 a little more than a year ago, the focus was not on al-Qaeda but on bioethics, as he named you chair of a new advisory council. Tell me how you see the potential of the council.

KASS: The biological revolution, of which we have seen only the very earliest stages, is a matter of momentous and lasting importance. Extraordinary powers are being gathered to intervene in the bodies and minds of human beings. These powers were sought initially for the laudable purposes of healing disease and relieving suffering. But they also force us to consider, in the most profound way, the basic elements of what it means to live a human life. They can make inheritable changes in human nature. They can intervene in all aspects of living. They touch birth, they touch death, they touch questions of bodily integrity as one moves organs around or implants other things in the human body.

We stand at a critical point. It is given to this generation to decide whether we will shape these powers and use them for limited flourishing, or whether these powers will increasingly be used to push us down the road to a "Brave New World." What's wrong with Huxley's Brave New World is that it has pushed our humanitarian principles to cure disease, reduce poverty, eliminate war, and relieve suffering and grief to their logical conclusion, with the result that life has been robbed of almost everything that makes it worthwhile. There is no love, no self-governance. It's a world of trivial pursuits and shallow attachments.

Our first task is to do fundamental inquiry into the moral significance of these advances in biomedical science and technology, to make vivid to everybody as best we can what it actually means to acquire the power to create human life in a laboratory or intervene in the human genome, or to move body parts around or to put computer chips in the human brain.

This is not a case where we've got something good versus evil. This is a case where we've got competing goods. And it's very important that everybody in the discussion acknowledge that the other side also has something vital to defend. So people who care about the sanctity of life should understand that the scientists who wish to experiment on embryos are also defending something very important when they seek in this way to cure disease. And the scientists have to understand that people who worry about the fate of the embryos are not simply practitioners of some narrow religious doctrine but are defending the dignity of our humanity. If we can at least get the arguments out there in as rich and deep a way as possible, I think we will have made a contribution.



Some earlier bioethics councils were set up to be a mixture of scientists and bioethicists, as if bioethics were a countervailing technique of solving the problems that science produces but cannot solve itself. The idea seemed to be that you had science, which was morally neutral in its findings, and then you imported these other people to somehow supply the ethics. But in practice this winds up treating ethics as simply another technical subspecialty, just like science itself. And out of the clash of these two things you find somehow a compromise that purports to be ethical wisdom—the scientists say this, the ethicists say that, and a deal is brokered. The net effect of this approach has so often been that the ethicists wring their hands as they confront the dilemmas raised by the scientists, but ultimately they pronounce blessings on whatever it is the scientists want to do. Bioethicists have not, by and large, stepped up to the plate on the questions of humanization versus dehumanization. Those are not terms that they've cared about, because so many of them are utilitarians or rationalists.

CT: What has prepared you to take this role?

KASS: My parents were both immigrants, neither of them schooled. But the moral questions and the question of how to live righteously and nobly and well and with dignity were the questions of

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their home. I don't just mean that we were exhorted to be good, but there were dinner conversations about "What do you think of so-and-so's behavior?" One was somehow encouraged to pay attention to conduct and to character. As to the integrity of both of my parents, I can't shine their shoes. They provided remarkable moral examples, and promoted a kind of explicit moral conversation. So moral questions have always been some of the most interesting questions for me.

I went to the University of Chicago, and was headed for a career in academic medicine. I finished medical school, did an internship, and went back and got a Ph.D. in biochemistry. Then in 1965 my wife and I went to Mississippi to do civil rights work. I came back wondering why there was often more honor and dignity and things that I admired in these uneducated black farmers in Mississippi with whom we lived, than in my well-educated, privileged fellow graduate students at Harvard University? Why this discrepancy between these very smart people who were around me, many of whom you would not want your sister to marry, and the very fine, simple, uneducated men and women we met in Mississippi? If the Enlightenment secular view of morals was correct, this couldn't be true.

I read Rousseau's *Discourse on the Arts and Sciences,* Aristotle's *Ethics and Physics,* C. S. Lewis's *Abolition of Man,* and Huxley's *Brave New World.* And I was off. I discovered questions about the foundations of our morals which advances in science all threaten to make more complicated.

I also learned gradually that what I thought had been the socialism of my home was, in fact, a secularized version of prophetic Judaism. Many of the people who fell for Marxism did so, I think, out of a longing for justice and a belief that one didn't have to wait for the messianic age, one could build it here and now. Especially when our children were born, I realized that one shouldn't somehow live as a parasite on the tradition that one knew nothing about. So I joined a synagogue, I began to do some studying of the Torah. I don't regard myself as a good enough Jew by a long shot. But I've come to treasure the biblical strand of our Western tradition more than the purely philosophical strand that flows from Athens.

We are in danger of turning procreation into manufacture, in which parents and scientists impose their private eugenic visions on the next generation.

CT: These issues have come together in a dramatic way in the debate about human cloning.

KASS: I cut my bioethics teeth on the subject of cloning. I first wrote about it in a letter to the editor of the *Washington Post* in 1967 after they cloned the first tadpoles. And I've been opposed to human cloning from the very beginning. I have seen it as one of these emblematic instances of what we should be worried about.

The public is rightly upset about human cloning. The first reaction before one gets used to it is largely one of repugnance and revulsion—people sense that something important is being transgressed here. But it's very hard to say in words just what that is. Cloning, I think, is important because it represents a very clear, powerful, and immediate example in which we are in danger of turning procreation into manufacture, sometimes referred to as "designer babies," in which parents and scientists work their private eugenic visions on the child-to-be and impose it on members of the next generation. A child, therefore, ceases to be welcomed as a gift, as a mysterious stranger whose genetic independence from the parents is an emblem of the kind of independence that all of our children are raised to acquire, and instead becomes a being to work out the particular vision that the parents have. And part of the reason that this bothers people is that it strikes them as a kind of degrading of parenthood and a perversion of the right relation between parents and children.

There are also questions about identity and individuality. Our natural genetic distinctiveness is an emblem of the uniqueness of every human life. But in cloning, a blueprint of a life that has already lived is somehow supposed to be reenacted again. People sense that what we're really talking about are efforts to redesign what a human being shall be.

CT: Advocates of human cloning say it is simply an issue of reproductive freedom, not a new issue at all.

KASS: Well, we do, in fact, restrict reproductive freedom. We do not allow polygamy, we do not allow incest, we do not allow the buying and selling of babies so people can realize their reproductive aspirations in the case of unwelcomed infertility. The so-called right to reproduce is not an unlimited right.

Moreover, while you could sympathize perhaps with the aspiration of those who seek to replace a dead child with a copy, I would be inclined to regard this as a form of child abuse. It would be unsafe, biologically speaking, but beyond that these are experiments in identity, in being made a design of somebody else. These are unethical experiments on the child-to-be, who cannot give consent to have that experiment foisted upon him. We place all kinds of restrictions on people's freedom to do things to their children and to experimental subjects.

CT: Will technological achievement plus marketing write the next chapter in human society?

KASS: Technological thinking is, at bottom, a disposition to all of life. It is fundamentally a mentality that formulates all of life's questions as problems that demand solutions. This technological way of thinking has infected even ethics,

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which is supposed to be thinking about the good, but instead is trying to solve various kinds of problems so we can go on to the next problem.

One of the regrettable things about the stem cell discussion, if I may say so, was the hype that the proponents used, taking advantage of desperate people's desires for cures and seeming to promise them cures just around the corner. Truth to tell we don't even have animal examples of anything remotely resembling a cure for any of these diseases. Fifteen years ago it was fetal research which was supposed to solve all of these dilemmas and help the lame to walk and the demented to think again. So we've got to be very cautious.

What is absolutely new is the economic power of biotech. And we've just seen the beginning.

By the way, the neuroscience area, now absolutely in its infancy, will, I think, be much more important than genetics. Genetics offers only crude and indirect control over the activities that make us human, but the powers coming from the neurosciences will go directly to work on the brain and changes in the mind will follow. And we know next to nothing of what we're going to know in 20 years, 50 years, and so on.

So, at the moment, we have on one side scientists with prestige, knowledge, and power backed by powerful economic interests. And on the other side there are those of us equipped only with our ability to raise hard questions about human values. How many divisions does the Pope have? In this discussion, not very many.

That's why it's important not simply to mount the moral argument, but to think about regulatory mechanisms that would be able to ward off some of the things that are most to be feared. In the absence of that, it does seem to me that the steamroller will simply roll its own course down the slippery slope.

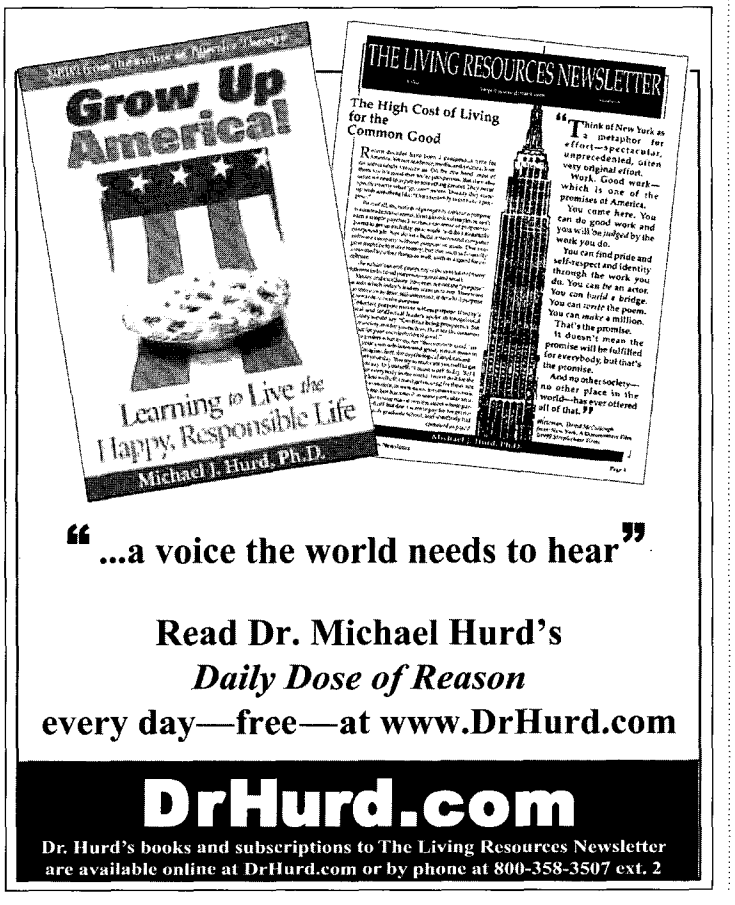
But we should not ignore one resource on the other side. There are

A cloned child ceases to be welcomed as a gift, as a mysterious stranger whose genetic independence from the parents is an emblem of his wider independence.

certain resiliencies in the human spirit. We've seen it in this country since September 11. Many of our moral notions and cultural forms are enfeebled because they have lost all ties to their roots. But we are still capable of remembering that there are things about "real life" to be treasured. Regard for the things that make us human will not disappear easily.

I teach in the university—a culture that is very debased. Students come in with the most shallow thoughts and cynical opinions on the tips of their tongues. But if you put good books in front of them that force them to talk about the virtues, it turns out they're more than capable of appreciating them. We have an opportunity to cultivate intellectual alternatives and opposition to mere technocratic thinking. And we need help from the great religious traditions. Many people today sense this. On campuses, there is a renewed interest in religion. Twenty years ago when I taught a course on the organism, the class was filled with materialists and I had to make the argument for something other than materialism. Now, if I get a class together, I have to make the argument that materialism might have something to be said for it. Many, many young people sense there is more to life than mechanism, power, and technique. The interest in religious questions and religious studies amongst the younger generation is palpable.

Perhaps the events of September 11 and its aftermath provide an opportunity to think more deeply about how best to spend our allotted three score and ten. If that happens, then a kind of thinking which is not technocratic may have an opportunity for a renaissance in this country.



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Busted

By Christine Parsons

DANVILLE, CALIFORNIA—The odd squawking sound wasn't coming from my radio. It was a motorcycle cop trying to get my attention. I spotted him in the rearview mirror and felt 15 again. My cheeks flushed hot and red. My checkered driving past had finally caught up with me.

Nowadays, teenagers are required to take both classroom and behind-the-wheel training. But in 1968, driving instruction requirements were vague at best, leaving it to parents to figure out what to do. My mom was an overworked housewife with eight other kids to worry about. I think she saw our brief driving sessions in the family station wagon as a chance to get in a smoke before the onslaught of dinner.

"Am I making you nervous, mom?"

She exhaled white puffs. "Of course not. Try to stay on the right side, honey."

If mom or my two older brothers couldn't take me, I settled for my dad, whose patience extended about as far as the length of the driveway. "For Christ's sake. What the hell are you doing?" was the closest he came to actual instruction.

How I ever passed the DMV test still baffles me.

Now the officer in the stiff leather boots tapped on my car window. I rolled it down. "I clocked you doing 41 in a 25, but I'll put it down as 38."

I got the feeling I was supposed to thank him. His silver mirrored sunglasses reflected back my own tiny and pathetic image. "I…can't believe…it's my first ticket." The lie popped out like a bad zit right before the Friday night dance.

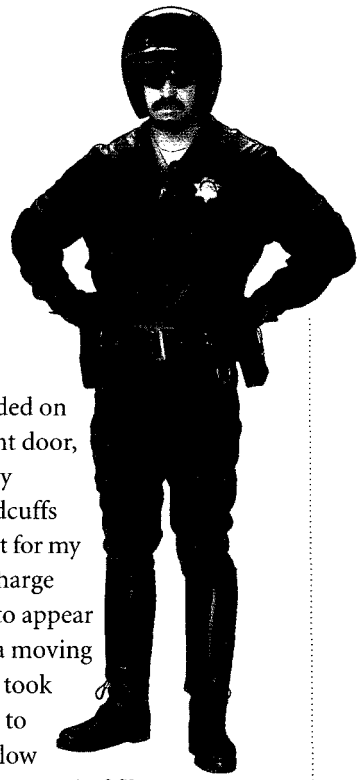
At that point the thought of quiet solitary confinement didn't sound too bad. I rolled down the window and offered up both wrists.

In truth, I committed my first "infraction" during my junior year at the University of California, Santa Barbara. I lived in a student-housing enclave that resembled a dilapidated Third World village, and local police, understandably weary of the suntanned student-activists who referred to them as "pigs," issued scads of tickets to speeding cars headed for parties, the beach, anti-establishment demonstrations, or maybe even class.

I didn't worry about traffic tickets; I got around on my bicycle in those days. But one afternoon, pedaling through a four-way stop, two uniformed officers in a parked black-and-white flashed their lights, motioning for me to come over. I looked around, thinking they meant someone else. Certainly a bike was exempt from the laws of the road. Like a squirrel or a stray cat.

"You went right through that stop," one of the officers said. "We'll have to give you a citation." "Oh, okay," I agreed, shoving the yellow slip of paper into my pants pocket and cycling away, making a mental note to look up the word "citation." I was pretty sure it meant "warning."

Three months later, a couple of armed law enforcement agents pounded on my apartment door, bearing heavy chrome handcuffs and a warrant for my arrest. The charge was "failure to appear in court for a moving violation." It took me a minute to recall the yellow paper, by now a wad of fiber caught in the lint trap of the coin operated dryer a block away.



"Oh…that…I…was on a-a-bicycle… I thought it was a wa-wa-warning…" I began to sob—the heaving, high-drama sobs of an adolescent English major petrified of what they planned to do with those handcuffs.

"Okay, miss. Calm down. Here's a new citation. Be sure to show up this time."

I sat in Superior Court on the appointed date, next to drunk drivers and red-light runners, waiting for the judge.

"Your honor, it was just a bicycle… you know…pedals." I rotated my arms and hands, as if he was a foreigner who couldn't speak the language. He slapped me with the highest fine of the day.

When I went home for spring break, my dad gave me a four-speed Toyota Celica. I hadn't ever driven a stick shift. "You'll figure it out," he reassured me with a hug as I left for school. "But for God's sake don't burn out the clutch." I lurched and stalled down the street, onto the highway, all the way back to

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UCSB, and never again got a ticket.

Until 20 years later, that is, when I got pulled over for weaving in my suburban-mom whale of a car. I was scanning an unfamiliar boulevard for a shoe store when my 15-year-old son changed the radio station. The grunge rock group Nirvana instantly sucked the positive energy right out of the car.

"Mom, make him turn that off," snapped my 13-year-old, thrusting for the radio buttons, inspiring a counter-grab from her brother. I swung to break it up. Tortured cries erupted from the younger two kids, hitting each other in the back seat. My son noticed the neon red and blue strobe lights before I did.

"Hey, mom, I think you're getting arrested." At that point the thought of quiet solitary confinement for the day didn't sound too bad.

I pulled over and my driving life flashed before me, with enough illegal turns and over-the-speed-limit trips to give this cop bound volumes of filled ticket pads. I rolled down the window and offered up both wrists.

"Just your registration, ma'am."

He peered inside the car at the kids, now so quiet we could hear the snap and crackle static of his hip-mounted radio.

"Did you know you were weaving?" I shook my head and wondered what kind of food they served in prison. Whatever it was, at least I wouldn't have to cook it.

"Just be careful, ma'am. Okay?"

With my third infraction, the speeding ticket, I ended up in traffic school. It turned out to be a religious experience. We spilled our guts like alcoholics at a 12-step meeting. "My name is Christine. I went too fast in a residential area." I admitted my sins, did the penance, and drove away with an untarnished soul. All for a grand total of eight hours and $162.

I love this country.

Christine Parsons last wrote for TAE *about adopting a dog (January/February 2002).*

Generation Two

By Isabel Lyman

WHITEHALL, MONTANA–Steve Wagner is a soft-spoken landscaper who runs a little commonwealth located 1,915 miles from Washington, D.C. What he calls the Education Station is a community center here in the Rocky Mountains for homeschooling families and others who are interested "in non-governmental solutions to the problems of the culture."

Steve sometimes invites a teacher, minister, or author to hold a seminar for Whitehall-area homeschoolers. Today a newspaper columnist from New England —yours truly—is the speaker. My audience consists largely of teenagers and their parents, and we are deconstructing the copies of the *Bozeman Chronicle*: playing with headlines, pondering media bias, reading the First Amendment, and debating journalistic ethics.

Media mogul Ted Turner comes up during our two-hour discussion, for his mammoth Montana ranch, the Flying D, is only 50 miles away. Interestingly, Rob Arnaud, the wildlife manager for the liberal, anti-religious Turner, turns out to be a church-going homeschooling father. I learn that there is much work for reform-minded families in Big Sky country: Pushy environmentalists have shut down much of Montana's mining industry, federal land grabs have wounded private property owners, and the state income tax rate is as high as 11 percent.

Sitting in on my media seminar is small business owner and local church elder Tim Martin, 28, and his wife, Amy, 27. They live in Whitehall with their four children. Tim was homeschooled from fifth grade through eleventh grade in Florida, while Amy was taught at home during her elementary school years in Colorado. They are now teaching their own kids at home. So let us note a social landmark: *Second*-generation homeschoolers are now growing up across America.

Tim and Amy are living refutations of the lame resolution that the National Education Association passes every year at its convention, which reads: "Home schooling programs cannot provide the student with a comprehensive education experience." (The Martins suggest the statement could be made more accurate by scratching out the word "home" and replacing it with "public.") "Education just works better one-on-one," says Tim. "No school environment—no matter how good, no matter how much money is spent—can compete with home-schooling in this. Why do we think the 'right' way to do education is to put 20 or 30 children in a classroom with one teacher? That model is more fit for manufacturing than education."

Second-generation homeschoolers rank right up there with militia members and herds of elk in the minds of sophisticates.

Amy manages the daily details of teaching and caring for the youngsters, but Tim participates actively. "I spend at least one day a week working with Micaiah. We read, write, and do math together. I anticipate this involvement will grow as all my children advance in their work," he says. The couple also incorporate activities like gardening or hiking in Glacier National Park into their routine.

Another second-generation homeschooling family I met recently are the Murpheys. Jason, 24, and his wife, Raleah, 30, have two preschool sons they are planning to educate at home—as Jason was from sixth through twelfth grade. They believe it makes practical sense to have as much direct involvement in their sons' lives as possible. "A third party won't have the interest in our children that we would."

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Jason is a member of the Guthrie City Council (outside Oklahoma City), and plans to run for a seat on the county commission. He says "the public school mentality" is the dominant philosophy that guides his fellow elected officials. "The mental outlook is one of being nice to the right people, so you'll be popular," he asserts. Combining his passion for politics and home education, Murphey has developed a mentoring program that will pair home-educated children with officeholders. "Upon graduation from high school or college, we would then sponsor those students for elective office," explains Jason with a smile, "invading the system with homeschoolers."

A sophisticate might dismiss Second-Gen homeschooling families like the Wagners and Martins and Murpheys as part of the exotic sights of the American Middle West, wedged in a mental tourist guide between "herds of elk" and "militia members." But the healthy effects of home education are increasingly on view for all Americans to see. For instance, more than 10 percent of the champion spellers making it to the National Spelling Bee in recent years have been homeschoolers, including 1997 winner Rebecca Sealfon (from Brooklyn), and 2000 winner George Thampy (of Missouri). Homeschooled Calvin McCarter from Michigan won the National Geographic Bee in 2002.

Based on my experiences interviewing homeschoolers for a book, most of these families are active and influential members of their communities. A self-directed, risk-taking mindset seems to be the norm among homeschooling clans. This tends to be true whether the scholars in question live in a log cabin with antelope roaming nearby, or just a stone's throw from downtown office towers.

Massachusetts journalist Isabel Lyman is author of The Homeschooling Revolution.

***WALTER** continued from page 22*

$25,000, where would I be? He'd have said, 'I've already helped him.' But I showed him what I was doing and explained it to him point by point. Once I get people in here and explain what I'm doing and they can see it, I have 'em."

The day Bob Coté poured out his vodka, he was looking across the street at Billy Palmer and two other pals passed out drunk in a gutter, urine staining their trousers. Up to that time, he later realized, he had hung out with these street drunks to reassure himself that he, who still had some money in the bank, was better than they were, and that his life was fine. His epiphany came in the recognition that he was beholding *himself* as he gazed upon those wretches. Identifying himself with the lost and sinful, as Jesus had, Coté was inspired to give up boozy pleasure and spend the rest of his life helping save fellow addicts.

He knows he doesn't do it alone. "Without the chapel, my success rate would drop in half. Even once you get a job and a home, you still need a purpose in life," he has said. Coté's own deep purpose explains why he is still on fire for the good fight, despite the gruesomeness of so much of his life. He finds men he knew dead in the streets and flophouses, sometimes with a heroin needle still jabbed in a vein, or a bottle gripped in a cold hand. "Rockmonster," a street predator, stumbled in one night gushing blood from a near-fatal machete wound. A photo of another man who died in front of Step 13 from four screwdriver stabbings to the head sits on Coté's desk.

"No man's cross is laid upon him for himself alone, but for the healing of the whole world," wrote English mystic Caryll Houselander. Of this, Bob Coté is living proof.

—JOB OPENING—

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The Political Science Department at SMU is currently a faculty of fifteen administering an undergraduate major of 150 to 200 students. Classes are small; and expectations are high in both teaching and research. The John Tower Center for Political Studies, housed with the Political Science Department, is an interdisciplinary center sponsoring and administering teaching, research, and public service programs in national and international political studies. The Successful candidate will be expected to take a leading role in developing the department, the center, and their related programs.

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Position begins fall 2003. To insure full consideration for the position, the application must be postmarked on or before November 1, 2002, but the committee will continue to accept applications until the position is filled. The committee will notify applicants of its employment decision after the position is filled.

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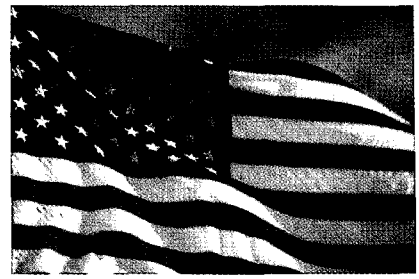
Flashback

To know nothing of what happened before you were born is to remain ever a child—Cicero

The Bellamy Boys Pledge Allegiance



If one man's heaven is another man's hell, what do we call Edward Bellamy's novel *Looking Backward*?

Back in 1887, Bellamy imagined an America of the year 2000 in which all residents have been drafted into an "Industrial Army." Individual liberty has been extinguished. Toil is compulsory, as "every able-bodied citizen [is] bound to work for the nation, whether with mind or muscle." Cooking is done only in public kitchens, music is performed only by conscripted professionals, and even rain is a thing of the past, as cities are guarded by enormous tarps. "In the nineteenth century," explains one character, "when it rained, the people of Boston put up three hundred thousand umbrellas over as many heads, and in the twentieth century they put up one umbrella over all the heads."

Under the One Big Umbrella, separate states have disappeared, for "state governments would have interfered with the control and discipline of the industrial army." Bellamy called his philosophy "Nationalism." Historian Arthur Lipow notes that "Bellamy's authoritarian socialist views were an historical precursor of totalitarian collectivist ideological currents."

This seems as close to a prescription for mass slavery as has ever been written. But to Edward Bellamy, it was utopia.

Looking Backward sold more copies in America than any novel since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Its message was spread by 150 Nationalist Clubs, whose members were dedicated to regimenting their countrymen.

In an 1889 Nationalist manifesto, Bellamy stated that patriotism must be co-opted in order to achieve Nationalist goals. He urged his followers to "identify themselves with National traditions and aspirations." Enter cousin Francis Bellamy.

Francis Bellamy, born in Mount Morris, New York to an itinerant Baptist preacher, was in the process of losing his faith. He had been a minister and Prohibition Party speaker before turning to "Christian Socialism" and delivering such sermons as "Jesus the Socialist."

Francis was a charter member of the First Nationalist Club of Boston, and promoted the Nationalist creed in the populist magazine *Arena* (whose editor Benjamin Flower wrote scornfully of Nationalism: "All individualism would be surrendered to that mysterious thing called government"). Looking for practical ways to advance his causes, Francis Bellamy became an editor with *Youth's Companion,* a popular children's magazine.

Bellamy took a lead role in promoting the National Public School Celebration of Columbus Day in October 1892. His address upon the Columbus quadricentennial, among other things, dismissed religious schools. "The training of citizens in the common knowledge and the common duties of citizenship belongs irrevocably to the state," he argued.

The centerpiece of Columbus Day was to have been the flying of U.S. flags above every schoolhouse in the land. But a 23-word oath written by Bellamy for the September 8, 1892 edition of *Youth's Companion* stole the glory.

Bellamy called it a "Pledge of Allegiance," probably choosing the word "pledge" because it was redolent of the temperance movement. His single felicitous sentence—"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all"—was published anonymously, which enabled various liars to later claim the Pledge as theirs.

For an editor, Bellamy hated to be edited. He was indignant when in 1923 and '24 the National Flag Conference expanded "my flag" to "the flag of the United States of America." In 1929, he ridiculed an effort to add a line to the Pledge vowing adherence to Prohibition. A lapsed Baptist, he would have opposed the 1954 addition of "under God."

In later years, the editors of the *Youth's Companion* spitefully denied Bellamy's authorship. Bellamy spent the decade before his death in 1931 ferociously promoting his claim. Ratification came, tardily. In 1939, a panel of distinguished historians convened by the U.S. Flag Association determined that Francis Bellamy was the true author of the Pledge of Allegiance. A 1957 Library of Congress investigation concurred.

And so, looking backward, we end our tale with a twist. The *Youth's Companion,* in asserting that the Pledge was written collectively by its staff, was positively Bellamyite. Francis Bellamy, proudly asserting his sole authorship, was the individualist heretic.

The author of the Pledge of Allegiance would have made a very poor member indeed of the Industrial Army.

—Bill Kauffman

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Working Lunch

Wisdom…is social. She seeks her fellows—Thomas Jefferson

Freedom Fighter

Radek Sikorski, a snappily dressed Polish citizen who speaks English better than most Americans, heads the New Atlantic Initiative, a project that encourages free trade between the U.S. and the European Union, military cooperation, and strengthening of the new democracies in central Europe. Prior to arriving at the American Enterprise Institute earlier this year Sikorski traveled with the mujahedin *in Aghanistan, wrote two well-received books, and served as deputy defense minister in one of Poland's first post-Communist governments. He later served as Poland's Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs. He hasn't yet celebrated his fortieth birthday. Sikorski is married to prominent British journalist Anne Applebaum, author of the forthcoming book* The Gulag. *One of his personal projects has been restoring a Polish manor house called Chobielin.*

TAE: How long did it take you to buy Chobielin?

SIKORSKI: Years and years. It was in still-communist Poland then. We were one of the first families to do something with the intention of restoring a piece of Polish culture. The house and the land it sat on cost $1,200, the value of a small car (which was a great luxury then). It was a ruin, of course. My goal was to return it to a state where people would say, "Gosh, somehow communism didn't penetrate to this remote place, and this thing was saved." You want to feel rooted in the land, and there we do.

TAE: Are Poles beginning to think of themselves as part of Western Europe?

SIKORSKI: We feel we never left Western Europe. We were wrenched out of Western Europe by Stalin and the Red Army with the cooperation of the allies; a tragedy. Politically, the Second World War ended for us in the 1990s. That was when we rejoined the family of nations we feel we've always belonged to. Western European culture without Chopin or Copernicus is unimaginable. Poland was a democracy in the eighteenth century when absolute monarchy was the fashion of the day.

TAE: What are your thoughts on the European Union?

SIKORSKI: The E.U. needs to become more transparent, it needs to become more democratic. It needs to clearly define the responsibilities of nation states and of the central E.U. government. Many people are afraid of ever-closer union, that we will integrate until we are all identical Europeans. We don't want that. Countries should remain independent.

TAE: What pitfalls should Poland avoid as it enters the E.U.?

SIKORSKI: To paraphrase Margaret Thatcher, "Having done away with socialism at home, we don't want it imposed from Brussels." Poland is now a country with a market economy. We do not need another revolution.

TAE: Are you concerned about the anti-U.S. rhetoric that's going on in the highest levels of the E.U.?

SIKORSKI: Sure I am. It's something we have to pay attention to. But some of it is just rhetoric. I don't think there are fundamental differences of interest between Europe and the U.S. There may be differences of phase—for instance, America has been attacked viciously by Islamic extremists, while Europe hasn't had a September 11, yet.

TAE: As someone who has spent time in Afghanistan, what do you see as the possibilities that a reasonably democratic regime will emerge there?

SIKORSKI: Democracy is a tough business in a country that is so diverse ethnically, where so few people have basic education, where so few people are part of the owning class. Yet there are democratic traditions in Afghanistan—in a village the Emir will receive petitioners in public. That may not be democracy, but at least it is open government. What should be established is a good federal constitution that gives rights to particular religious and ethnic groups wherever they live. It would be a disaster to try to create a strongly centralized government in Kabul. You want the government in Kabul to represent the country abroad, to create a modern integrated army and police force, and to distribute foreign aid. The ethnic groups should do the rest.

TAE: Is there a chance that radical Islamists could take over a new Afghan government?

SIKORSKI: Yes there is. But there are some we can work with. People like assassinated Northern Alliance leader Ahmad Shah Massoud. He would come to a village and say things like, "The prophet, blessed be he, has said that you must go as far as China in search of knowledge. Therefore, we must build schools." He saw Islam as defining life, but also wanted to modernize the country.

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Beat the Press

The hand that rules the press...rules the country—Judge Learned Hand

Nothing New Under the Web

Opinions are like Dershowitzes (my term for a portion of the human posterior not printable in magazines of this caliber...you get the point): Everyone has one.

Just because a person has something to say doesn't mean it's worth hearing. But don't tell this to the bloggers, of whom you've probably heard by now. Indeed, considering their growing numbers you'll probably be one yourself by the time this column is published.

Just in case you still don't know what a blogger is, here's the quick tutorial: A blogger is someone who runs a Web log. What's a Web log? Just another word for a World Wide Web page that is updated a lot. Blogs are lone-wolf sites that report and dissect the day's news as the author or authors see fit. The form and content vary wildly. There are fascist blogs, gay blogs, *Star Trek* blogs, Catholic blogs, science blogs, and blogs for every flavor of conservative and liberal. New blogs are reportedly created at the rate of 40,000 per month. There are between half a million and one million blogs out there, depending on how you count.

The only thing growing faster than blogs is the hype over blogs. Bloggers talk about an ever-expanding "blogosphere" which will transform the way ideas and news are disseminated and consumed. Because a lot of journalists and academics spend a scandalously large fraction of their time surfing the Internet, and because bloggers tend to inflate the importance of established journalists—even when they are criticizing them—the mainstream media has largely fallen for the story. *Newsweek*, for example, recently asked "Will the Blogs Kill Old Media?"

The answer, of course, is no.

First, blogs are nothing new. The number of bloggers has grown because of new software that makes it easier for people to post their opinions on the Internet. Yet millions of people had their own personal Web pages before this software came along. Matt Drudge, the only person to get rich off of blogging as far as I know, was an ur-blogger.

Bloggers admit this all the time but they miss what it means for them. Doc Searls, a "well-known blogger" according to the *New York Times* (have you heard of him?), told the *Times* that new software tools "have lowered the threshold of publication almost to zero." He adds: "Now everybody can publish their own *Poor Richard's Almanac*."

That's great. Consider, though, that many of these almanacs may be fictitious, duplicative, deranged, sloppy—or just plain stupid.

Don't get me wrong, I think some bloggers are great. My own Web column was initially written in a semi-blog format and *National Review Online* has even launched a multiple-author blog called "The Corner." But what many of the blogger-revolutionaries don't understand is that while blogging may be big news, bloggers probably won't be.

Imagine if I told you 50 years ago that, by 2000, the world would consume billions upon billions of hamburgers. In fact, I'd inform you, millions of people wouldn't even take the time to get out of their cars before buying one at a "drive-thru" window and scarfing it down. Would you immediately run home to perfect your own recipe for hamburger? Would billions of burger-seekers find you among the millions of hamburger artisans? Probably not. Especially when customers found out that millions of these innovative burgers tasted like socks and caused gastrointestinal roller derby.

Sure, a few great burger recipes might rise to culinary immortality. And yes, many chefs would find psychic reward in the praise of a few friends and neighbors. But most people would still go to McDonald's.

The future of blogging isn't all that different. The most successful blogs—at least in the world of politics—are either produced by long-established writers like Mickey Kaus and Andrew Sullivan, or they are associated with major publications like *National Review*, the *Wall Street Journal*, or the *American Prospect*.

Should the marketplace show its appreciation by generating significant revenue for a blogger, you know what will happen? A big newspaper or magazine will offer him or her a job. That's why McDonald's sells fajitas now. And that's why bloggers aren't going to put serious media publications out of business.

—Jonah Goldberg

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BookTalk

RACING SPIRITS

By Ann Zinsmeister

Seabiscuit: An American Legend
By Laura Hillenbrand
Ballantine Books, 399 pages, $15

In the last issue of *TAE* (LIVE), university president John Silber cites his favorite definition of an intellectual: "a person who has a commanding knowledge of a field that's really none of his business as a professional." One might extend that to say that the mark of a great non-fiction writer is someone who uses "commanding knowledge" to rivet laymen to a subject they know (and think they care) nothing about. Judged on those grounds, *Seabiscuit: An American Legend,* an artfully crafted story about a legendary thoroughbred racehorse of the 1930s, is a masterpiece. Laura Hillenbrand has enticed millions of Americans into territory they hadn't dreamed could interest them. I myself picked up the book as someone who didn't know a furlong from a forelock, yet was drawn in to the point where I now breathlessly anticipate my first trip to Saratoga to watch the ponies.

Most fitting for an installment of *TAE* devoted to "American Originals," this book profiles a wondrously fresh and authentic series of individuals. Not only the horse, but also Seabiscuit's owner, trainer, and jockey captured the hearts of Americans during a particularly harsh moment in our country's history—the final years of the Great Depression. In 1938 there were actually more newspaper column inches devoted to a crooked-legged horse named Seabiscuit than to Hitler, Roosevelt, or Mussolini. Hillenbrand's absorbing account of the colt's rise to fame will take you on an unforgettable journey through America's golden age of horse racing, and introduce you to the remarkable collection of men who brought it to life.

In 1903, just as the era of the horseless carriage was dawning, Charles Howard's restless spirit and intense ambition carried him from New York to San Francisco. Applying his entrepreneurial zest and skills as a bicycle mechanic, Howard set up a Bay Area shop working on those cranky, newfangled automobiles, then became a mechanic and driver at the first primitive auto races. Soon, Howard met Buick Automobiles mastermind Will Durant, and talked his way into running one of the first Buick dealerships on the West Coast. When Durant went bankrupt, Howard had become wealthy enough to bail him out. Durant repaid him with General Motors stock and a percentage of the company's gross sales, for life.

With his mushrooming wealth, Howard purchased a ranch and a stable of thoroughbred racehorses. He eventually wound up with a ragged, low-built colt called Seabiscuit, who led him on the ultimate ride. Howard escorted his prize from coast to coast, triumph to triumph, and eventually back home, where he ended his days attending to the smallest needs of his beloved animal.

Howard could never have achieved this success without trainer Tom Smith—a man as quiet and unassuming as Howard was flashy. Smith was on the prowl for an animal whose talents had escaped the Eastern racing establishment. After much searching, he found a creature with fast, obstreperous bloodlines that was stuck with a trainer too busy to untangle its puzzling peculiarities.

Smith—who spent his early years alone on America's empty Plains—was more at home with horses than with men. He had tamed mustangs for the British in the Boer War, and earlier toiled as a deer hunter, mountain lion tracker, and cattle and sheep driver. He took one look at Seabiscuit and knew there was something great lying dormant within the buck-kneed horse. Smith began to painstakingly build a world around his find, among other things recruiting just the right rider.

Jockies are a breed unto themselves. Living daily with danger and fear, they suffer to keep their low weight—fasting and sweating themselves down continuously. Even after near-death "spills," they often return to the track before full recovery. Red Pollard was such a rider, and he came to understand Seabiscuit like no other rider. A former boxer of Irish descent, and a devourer of great lit-

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erature, Pollard had a gift for working with troublesome horses. Like Smith, Pollard had a natural empathy for animals, and specialized in steering racers that no one else would go near. Seabiscuit and his rider developed a mutual understanding. "So long as you treat him like a gentleman, he'll run his heart out for you," said Pollard, who unearthed in his charge what trainer Smith described as a "more natural inclination to run than any horse I have ever seen."

As Seabiscuit was ferried from East to West and track to track, he captured the imagination of Americans across the country. People attended his races in record numbers and even sought him out at train stations on his cross-country journeys. At an otherwise low period in American history, people were lifted out of their slumps by their zeal for this hearty horse and his remarkable human handlers.

Contemporary Americans trying to forget their stock portfolios might want to settle into a comfy armchair and read *Seabiscuit*. It will transport you to a different era filled with heroic characters. You'll feel like you're right there at the races, having just placed your bet, waiting for the bell to ring.

And they're off.

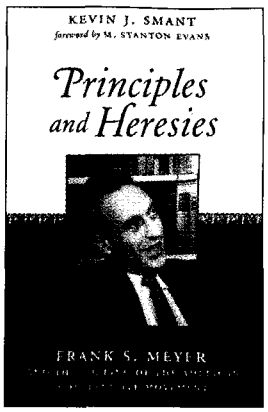
Ann Zinsmeister is a TAE *proofreader.*

WHAT'S RIGHT?

By Gerald Russello

Principles and Heresies: Frank S. Meyer and the Shaping of the American Conservative Movement
By Kevin Smant
ISI Books, 381 pages, $29.95

The life of Frank Meyer (1909-1972) encapsulates most of the great political and intellectual struggles of the last century. Born into an affluent New Jersey family, Meyer spent over a decade serving the Communist Party, first as a student at the London School of Economics, later in



Chicago, before making his way to conservatism and William F. Buckley, Jr.'s *National Review*, for which he served as an editor and writer. Over the next three decades, Meyer became a central figure on the American Right, both politically and intellectually. In *Principles and Heresies*, Indiana University history professor Kevin Smant provides the first book-length study of Meyer. It's an important contribution to American conservatism, and to postwar American political and intellectual life in general.

Although Meyer left the Communist Party in 1945 (at some personal risk), his experiences as a high-ranking radical remained with him lifelong. Having seen its dangers up close, Meyer made the struggle against communism a focal point of his work. In painting the communist demimonde of the 1930s and 1940s, Smant further confirms the historical record—now acknowledged by all except for the most recalcitrant leftists—that American communists were then working actively to overthrow our nation's Constitutional system. There were calculated, long-term conspiracies to destroy the United States long before Osama bin Laden arrived on the scene, this book reminds us, and it is the example of people like Meyer that shows us such attempts can be resisted.

Meyer's abandonment of communism was influenced by two books: Friedrich Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*, and Richard Weaver's *Ideas Have Consequences*. They introduced Meyer to freedom, especially economic freedom, and the free intellectual tradition of the West. Uniting freedom and tradition—what became known as "fusionism"—became the hallmark of Meyer's work. In his groundbreaking 1962 book *In Defense of Freedom: A Conservative Credo*, Meyer tried to "fuse" the conservative desiderata of order and freedom through their common roots in the "nature of man."

Slavish traditionalism, Meyer argued, leaves no room for moral choice, and thus ultimately offers no opposition to tyrannical collectivism. Yet pure personal liberation is just as undesirable, forgetting as it does that freedom has individual virtue as its ultimate goal. "Truth withers where freedom dies, however righteous the authority that kills it; and individualism uninformed by moral value rots at the core and soon surrenders to tyranny," Meyer concluded.

Meyer had a great capacity for friendship as well as for vigorous disagreement, sometimes with the same people. His isolated Woodstock farm was a place of pilgrimage for new and established conservatives. His marathon phone calls with friends were legendary, as were the vitriolic attacks in his columns on those whom Meyer thought heretical. Meyer was also a player in Republican politics and conservative activism. He organized the New York Conservative Party (which elected James Buckley to the Senate in 1970) and the American Conservative Union, and helped marginalize the John Birch Society when it threatened to discolor legitimate anti-communism. He emerges from this account as an astute political strategist, as well as a crucial voice in the editorial councils of *National Review* in debates over Nixon, Goldwater, Reagan, Vietnam, civil rights, and a host of other issues.

While communists have now largely vanished, the libertines and authoritarians who also worried Meyer remain, on both sides of the ideological divide. In a time in which the nation is once again debating the relative merits of individual freedom versus social order and protection, Meyer's careful defense of both is well worth revisiting.

Gerald J. Russello, a lawyer in New York City, is writing a study of Russell Kirk.

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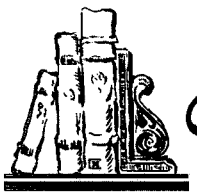

Off The Shelf

Classic, overlooked, newly relevant, or otherwise deserving older books

CORPORATE BLAME GAME

By Blake Hurst

The Funny Money Game
By Andrew Tobias, 1970

A vice president of a rapidly growing $100 million corporation at age 22, Andy was on his way. National Student Marketing, a company that employed "no creative people over 25," was vaulting into the stratosphere, with a hot concept concentrating on sales to the youth market, and tremendous growth. As the decade closed, NSM went public, producing huge stock gains. Tripling its sales and profits each year, and trading at well over 100 times its earnings, NSM was a darling of Wall Street. In addition to his impressive salary, Andy held stock options worth nearly $400,000.

Yet within a year or two, the corporation's founder would end up in jail. The company collapsed. The accounting behind its rapid growth turned out to be creative, to say the least.

Sound familiar? In this case, however, the decade was not the 1990s, but the 1960s. Though many of the journalists who report on our present stock market troubles seem not to realize it, America has been through bursting bubbles before, complete with accounting scandals and executives moving from Lear Jets to the pokey in a matter of months.

The true-life exposé in this case was a book called *The Funny Money Game.* It was the debut of financial writer Andrew Tobias, who, after getting caught up in a shady business himself, went on to become one of today's most prominent financial columnists. His apologia for his part in the National Student Marketing scandal was graceful, funny, and full of insight into the mix of greed, stock market shenanigans, and managerial rationalizations that helped transport Tobias from a college job selling travel books to a ringside seat at one of the most expensive chain letter scams ever perpetrated on the public.

In 1968, NSM issued its first annual report, showing earnings of $700,000. The report stated $1.8 million in unbilled receivables, increasing revenues and earnings by a like amount. Unbilled receivables were a novel accounting concept with a great deal of power. But like all chain letters, NSM had to run ever faster just to stay in place.

In the next fiscal year, the company reported as earnings more than $3 million dollars from acquisitions that didn't take place until well after the end of the fiscal year. They also booked $800,000 in revenues from a nonexistent contract. Had NSM continued its late '60s growth, it would have been the largest company in the United States by 1975. The stock set off on a meteoric climb, which continued even after evidence of fraud surfaced.

Eventually, however, the share price dropped from $143 to single digits. The SEC investigated; the chief executive ended up in jail; and the Securities and Exchange Commission named the company's accounting firm, Peat Marwick, in its complaint. Tobias left the company, and eventually ended up in Harvard Business School, chastened by his experience.

As we make sense of the Internet and dot-com fizzles, this story is worth remembering. I enjoyed rereading it in our current context, though you should skip the sophomoric worries about running out of resources and the end of economic growth. It's an easy-to-read reminder of how greed sometimes overtakes common sense. I wish I had returned to it three years ago.

Economic corrections will occur in any free society. And as Warren Buffett points out, "when the tide goes out, you find out who is swimming naked." Yet it's important not to let this turn us against economic freedom. Keep in mind that in the 35 years since the last bubble burst, the U.S. stock market has increased in value by over ten times—even after the recent sell-off.

Americans who have faith in our economy and are willing to invest in the stock market have grown much, much richer over the last generation. Investors should diversify, read the footnotes, and treat pronouncements of 20-something visionaries with a healthy dose of skepticism, but they oughtn't sour on investor capitalism generally.

Andrew Tobias has gone on not only to write several best sellers on personal finances, but also to take a job as treasurer of the Democratic National Committee—where he is presumably domiciled down the hall from Terry McAuliffe and his millions in malodorous stock gains from Global Crossing. I'll think of them both the next time I hear a Democratic pol trying to lay responsibility for today's accounting scandals at the door of George W. Bush and Dick Cheney.

TAE *contributing writer Blake Hurst invests in stocks in spite of it all.*

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Edited by Eli Lehrer

the Digest

Summaries of important new research from the nation's universities, think tanks, and investigative publications

POLITICS

Carry a Smaller Stick

Ivo Daadler et al., *Assessing the Department of Homeland Security*, July 2002, The Brookings Institution (brookings.org)

Big government made a resounding return to Washington this summer as the White House unveiled a mammoth proposal to create a new Department of Homeland Security (DHS) to protect the nation from terrorist attacks. In what would be the largest reorganization of government in over 50 years, the White House plan calls for the creation of a new Cabinet-level department, pulling together over 200,000 government employees from 22 different existing agencies with a budget of $37.5 billion.

The Brookings Institution's report, *Assessing the Department of Homeland Security*, says that creating a DHS is a good idea but questions the wisdom of merging "too many different activities into a single department, including many that have little day-to-day connection with one another."

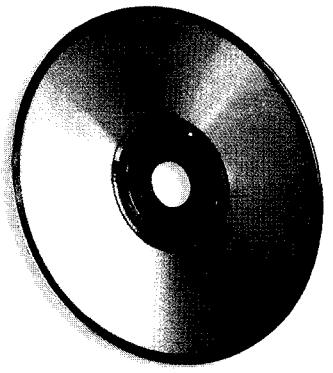
The authors of the report favor the creation of a smaller, more focused DHS, one that would incorporate fewer employees and agencies and concentrate on only those "areas where major organizational reform is clearly desirable and possible." Under the administration's proposal, the DHS would have four primary tasks: border control, response to terror emergencies, protection against weapons of mass destruction, and the assessment and analysis of terrorist threats.

The report criticizes this approach, stating "it is wrong to presume…that the most effective way to organize this effort is to merge as many homeland security agencies and functions as possible."

The authors recommend against the integration of the Federal Emergency Management Agency, and responsibility for countermeasures to weapons of mass destruction, into the new department.

Instead, the Brookings scholars propose a smaller DHS focused on three primary tasks: border and transportation security (including the Coast Guard, Customs Service, and Transportation Security Administration); infrastructure protection; and running a new unit devoted to examining and assessing all intelligence and law enforcement data regarding terrorism threats.

The authors conclude, "Consolidating these agencies should enable more efficient sharing of information, more complete evaluation of potential threats, and more effective actions to block them." —*Simon Chin*



ECONOMICS AND BUSINESS

Programs That Bug

Charles Mann, "Why Software is so Bad," in *Technology Review*, August 2002, (technologyreview.com)

Computer software—programs that process words, crunch numbers, and let teenage boys massacre space aliens—frequently crashes, often fails to work as promised, and, by some measures, is only getting worse. Charles Mann (who writes for *The Atlantic* and *Science)* states that software is the only major industry where quality has not improved over the past 20 years.

Microsoft's Windows XP operating system, for example, proved so troublesome that the company had to post 18 megabytes worth of bug fixes on its Web site the day after the program shipped. Much of the problem, Mann believes, stems from the way software is written: Programmers write code and then tinker with it until it seems to work properly.

This approach often causes severe problems as manufactures add features to their products: A mistake that has no effect on one version of a product can cause a catastrophe when programmers add a new feature. Complex programs like Microsoft Word and Quark XPress, likewise, are often assembled from standardized components with little forethought as to how they will fit together. Finally, software makers have to innovate much more than other manufactures. While the fundamentals of a car—a four-wheeled box with an internal combus-

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tion engine—have remained the same for decades, software companies have to create entirely new types of products all the time. As a result, little time exists to refine products.

Already, some in the industry have started to take action. Microsoft, for example, shut down nearly all programming for two months in order to implement a company-wide campaign to make its software more reliable. While Mann holds out some hope for efforts like this one, he also predicts a mass of product liability lawsuits aimed at punishing the makers of bad software. As one of his sources tells him, "it may just be a bad idea whose time has come."

SOCIETY

Heal Thyself

Regina Herzlinger, "Let's Put Consumers in Charge of Health Care" in *Harvard Business Review,* July 2002, (harvardbusinessonline.org)

Most observers agree that America's health care system is a mess: Expenses continue to rise, many individuals lack insurance, and few incentives exist to control costs. As a solution to this state of affairs, Harvard Business School professor Regina Herzlinger argues that health care consumers, not employers, should make nearly all significant choices about health insurance. She proposes that employers should require their workers to purchase catastrophic health insurance but leave almost all other choices to the employees themselves. This system, she argues, would bring a wide range of benefits, among them:

Cost containment: With patients paying the bills themselves, there would be more incentives to avoid overspending on health care and over-insurance of healthy individuals.

Innovation: Faced with many different consumers rather than just a few big purchasers, health care providers and hospitals would have a greater incentive to treat people, package services in new ways, and pioneer better techniques. "Focused factories" which concentrate on certain conditions (like asthma) or certain underserved groups (such as blacks) would also raise the quality of care. Personalized treatments—based on a patient's own genetic makeup—would likely develop much faster as a result.

Improved information flows: With consumers rather than employers picking health care plans, market forces would provide better data on the relative quality of insurance providers and medical professionals.

Herzlinger compares her proposal to the shift from defined benefit retirement plans (where employers made nearly all retirement savings choices for their employees) to 401(k)s and other defined contribution plans which allow employees greater flexibility, better information about investment opportunities, and larger retirement funds. She argues that her proposal is "the best way to enhance the health care industry's productivity and quality."

Reward Teachers

Bryan Hassel, "Better Pay for Better Teaching: Making Teacher Compensation Pay Off in the Age of Accountability," May 2002, Progressive Policy Institute (ndol.org)

This paper suggests that raising teacher pay may improve schools, but recommends tying such raises to improved performance. Bryan Hassel, co-director of the education consulting firm Public Impact, acknowledges that studies show that teachers often care more about non-monetary rewards, but he argues that higher salaries, if linked directly to teacher performance, could have several beneficial effects. Varying pay rates could be used to entice more talented people to enter the teaching system, convince effective teachers to take tough assignments, encourage average teachers to use better methods, and get ineffective teachers to leave the profession.

Under the current system, pay usually goes up on a set schedule according to the number of years a teacher has worked, and, in some cases, the educational credentials he or she holds. "At best," argues Hassel, "a teacher's level of experience and educational attainment are poor proxies for the quality of instruction the teacher is likely to deliver." Small-scale reforms, which have been tried in school districts across the country, include giving bonuses to teachers who take on tough assignments, teach in much-needed disciplines such as math and science, or simply get the best performance out of students.

Some critics of such plans worry about unintended harm to students from competition between teachers, while teachers' unions and others are simply opposed to their own loss of institutional power. Hassel concludes that widespread experimentation should be allowed in compensation plans, combined with rigorous documentation of the results. Partial decentralization, he concludes, represents a reasonable middle ground: Central bureaucracies could determine part of the pay according to a set schedule, and principals would give bonuses or penalties depending on performance.

SCIENCE AND ENVIRONMENT

Practical vs. Romantic

Steven Hayward and Christopher DeMuth, "AEI's Environmental Policy Outlook," in *Environment Outlook,* August 2002, (aei.org)

In this first edition of a new publication on environmental issues put out by the American Enterprise Instiute, AEI president Christopher DeMuth and AEI fellow Steven Hayward distinguish between "practical" and "romantic" environmentalism. Both practical and romantic environmentalists, say the authors, understand that pollution and environmental degradation are harmful,

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but that's where the similarity ends.

Practical environmentalism, the two argue, "is the world in which environmental standards are established and applied in a multitude of discrete circumstances." Practical environmentalists understand that preserving air, water, animal species, and open space requires cost-benefit analysis and that people must sometimes make trade-offs between the environment and other social goods. Romantic environmentalism, on the other hand, "holds that environmental values should always or almost always trump other values, especially those associated with economic development and growth."

Hayward and DeMuth maintain that romantic environmentalism has obstructed rational decisionmaking and led to an "environmental correctness" which treats anyone who criticizes the environmental movement or a particular regulatory regime as an enemy of the earth. Under a romantic environmentalist mindset, Hayward and DeMuth argue, "central tenets of liberal democracy itself" seem to be "incompatible with the 'rights of nature.'" Romantic environmentalists care more about the environment than values such as liberty and private property.

The authors state that the environmental movement must "come to grips with its successes" and adopt a practical mindset, or risk becoming an impediment to both improved environmental policy and the foundations of the liberal state.

Stem Cell Breakthrough

Catherine M. Verfaillie, et al. "Pluripotency of Mesenchymal Stem Cells Derived from Adult Marrow," in *Nature*, July 2002 (nature.org)

Stem cells are "generic" cells that divide to replenish specific cells lost due to injury or routine wear and tear on the body. There are two forms of stem cells. Embryonic stem (ES) cells are the very early cells that change and reproduce to form all the body parts in developing young creatures. Adult stem cells take many forms. There are some in the skin that produce wave after wave of daughter cells to replenish continually flaking off skin. The same goes for blood: Stem cells in bone marrow are capable of creating all different blood cell types throughout a person's life. Embryonic stem cells are very different. Derived from early-stage embryos in the laboratory, they grow rapidly, and can be maintained in their "raw," undifferentiated state. A researcher can take these cells, inject them into a new mouse embryo, and return it to the womb. There, the mouse ES cells are able to contribute to every tissue type of the adult animal. This means that ES cells are totipotent—they can give rise to all types of cells, which is why human ES cells are considered so promising. In theory, their totipotency sets ES cells apart from the sorts of adult stem cells described above, since nobody thought that a blood stem cell could become anything other than blood.

This all began to change in the late 1990s, when new papers appeared suggesting that tissue-specific stem cells actually could exhibit some extra potency. These experiments took adult mouse stem cells, e.g. from the bone marrow, and injected them into a new host. Researchers found that these bone-marrow-derived cells were actually doing things like regenerating muscle, or heart tissue.

These reports were controversial, however, and left open the question of whether any adult cells are truly totipotent. This new research by Catherine Verfaillie and her colleagues at the University of Minnesota shows that there *are* extraordinarily rare totipotent stem cells in the bone marrow. These cells are like ES cells in many respects, but unlike them in one important way: When undifferentiated ES cells are injected into an adult host, they form tumors.

The new cells do not seem to do so. Instead, they turn up months later doing their job in all sorts of non-blood tissues, such as the liver, intestines, and vascular system.

Verfaillie's highly technical research is extremely important: It holds the possibility that, if we wish to use stem cells to cure the many illnesses the therapy holds promise for, we may not need to harvest them from embryos. —*Iain Murray*

OTHER COUNTRIES

Autumn of the Patriarch?

Mark Falcoff, "Cuba: A New Crisis Brewing," in *Latin America Outlook*, July 2002, (aei.org)

Cuba, one of the last bastions of hard-core Marxist dictatorship, has undergone a precipitous economic decline since Fidel Castro's 1959 revolution. The situation has become increasingly dire since the collapse of the Soviet Union left Cuba without a major foreign benefactor.

According to AEI scholar Mark Falcoff, things are likely to get worse for Cuba before they get better. To begin with, a lifting of the American trade embargo—primary bugbear of Castro's demonology—would do little to help the island. While American politicians and industry groups have favored open trade with Cuba, President Bush has nixed the idea and, in any case, the country has no money to purchase foreign goods. Tourism, Cuba's main source of hard currency, has also taken a hit in the wake of September 11 and, in any case, it has little chance of lifting the nation out of poverty by itself. Thanks to a combination of bad weather, deflated prices, managerial incompetence, and lack of capital investment, the sugar industry is also in deep trouble.

Falcoff believes, however, that the prospects for change are not strong: "As long as people are dependent upon [Castro's] regime for their basic necessities, most will be pliable subjects," he writes. Castro, in other words, will not go quietly.

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Now Playing

Voter Poem

©Sony Pictures

Government soldiers await an election agent in *Secret Ballot.*

As I write, U.S. Congressional election campaigns are well underway. The cynical, of course, may be inclined to view these as exercises in futility. But if you're so inclined, I suggest you look to an unlikely source for electoral inspiration: Iran, as portrayed in a striking new movie.

Secret Ballot, an import from Iranian writer-director Babak Payami, is a lovely consideration of the democratic process from the viewpoint of a country that has only recently taken its first baby steps in that direction. You'll hardly find American-style freedoms in Iran, but among those working to democratize the ruling theocracy through the nascent electoral process, you'll find a passionate appreciation for the right to vote—an appreciation too often lacking in our own country.

As in much of Iranian cinema, overt political messages are safely hidden under the guise of a simple parable. *Secret Ballot* follows an idealistic female election agent (Nassim Abdi) as she is escorted by a skeptical soldier (Cyrus Ab) to collect votes on a remote desert island. The film has the tranquil pacing and measured framing of a travelogue. Often keeping his camera at a discreet distance from the actors, Payami permits scenes to drift along at a pace just slow enough to allow the viewer to grasp the deeper meanings that exist in even the simplest actions.

Consider the film's opening scene, in which a large wooden box parachutes to the ground from a passing plane. A soldier slowly drags the ungainly item from one side of the frame to the other—giving its mysterious contents more import with each step—and then, maddeningly, leaves it unopened as he wakes his fellow soldier (Ab) to tell him it's his shift. Only then is the crate unsealed, revealing a ballot box and other voting paraphernalia—manna, or at least democracy, from heaven.

The election agent, who soon arrives by boat, certainly regards the box's contents as dear. Young and educated—just the sort of person pushing for political reform in Iran today—she's soon darting about the island in a desperate attempt to collect every citizen's vote before the end of the day. "Don't you see," she urges, "this is a chance for you to make your life better."

This regard for the vote as a powerful and precious tool is rare in the United States, but *Secret Ballot* makes the attitude contagious. When the soldier ponderously rows the woman out to a distant fishing boat to collect more votes—an image once again framed with delicate care—we lean forward with trepidation, hoping that the ballot box doesn't fall out of her lap and into the sea.

In a few spots, the film distances itself from the election agent's idealism, which at certain points begins to look like naivete. Many of the citizens on the island diverge from her faith in the electoral process, often for legitimate reasons. The first local she encounters frantically tries to run away; seeing the soldier and his gun, the man fears a random arrest. The pair also run into language barriers—not all of the locals speak Farsi. And some villages have set up their own independent political systems, including a small farm run with absolute authority by an unseen matriarch, which seem in many ways more efficient and relevant than any national plebiscite. Perhaps the most common-sense objection comes from a fisherman, who tells the election agent, "Voting doesn't catch fish."

Some of these incidents reveal how absurd the democratic process can seem when dropped abruptly into a Third World culture. Others reflect oddities that even modern Americans often face when they get to the polls; when the islanders tell the woman they've never heard of any of the names on the ballot, there is a flash of recognition for nomination processes that sometimes spit out preordained names and offer few attractive choices. In all places, active citizens hate to feel like a rubber stamp.

So *Secret Ballot* isn't as blindly idealistic about the electoral process as those hectoring "Rock the Vote" ads. But it will surely make you less jaded about a right we too often take for granted.

—Josh Larsen

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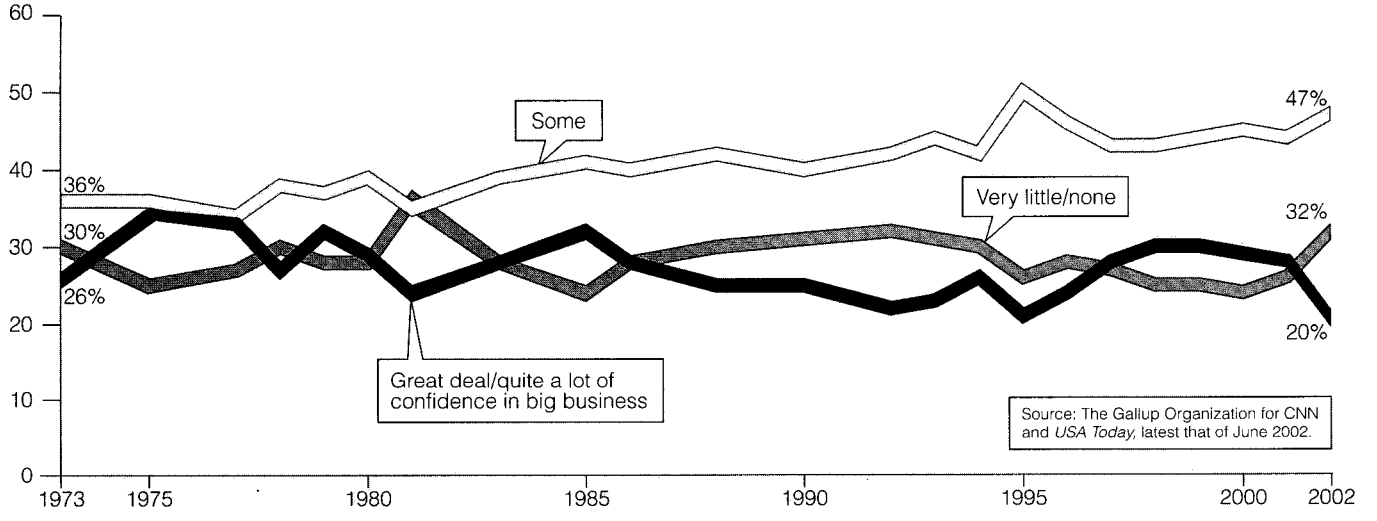
Opinion Pulse

Edited by Karlyn Bowman

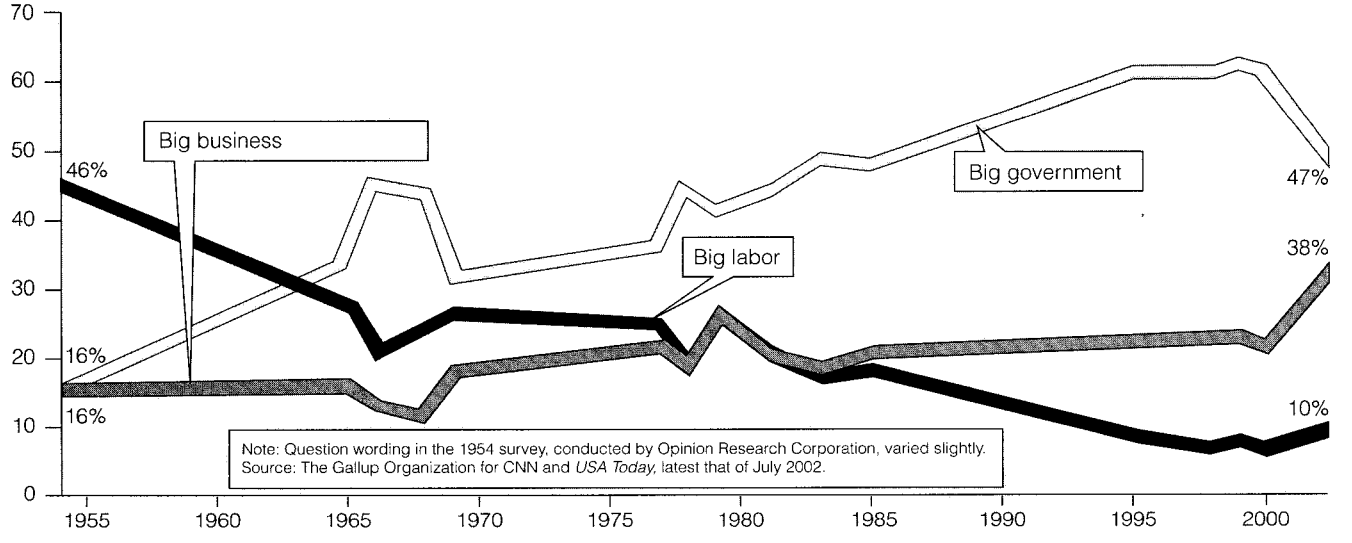
How's Business?

As the figures below show, the business scandals in 2001 and 2002 have soured Americans on big business. What's more, as polls on the next page show, Americans believe the practices that came to light are not rare. Concern that big business poses a threat to the country in the future has risen sharply since 2000. Still, Americans are most concerned about the threat posed by big government.

Question: I'm going to read you a list of institutions in American society. Please tell me how much confidence, you, yourself, have in each one...?



Question: In your opinion, which of the following will be the biggest threat in the future?



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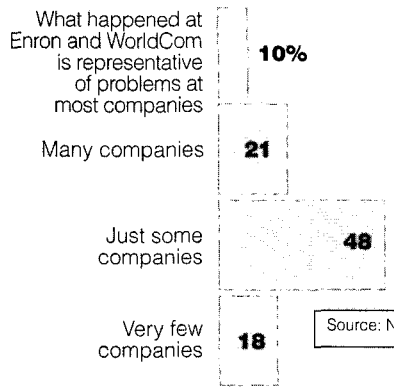
Sinking CEOs

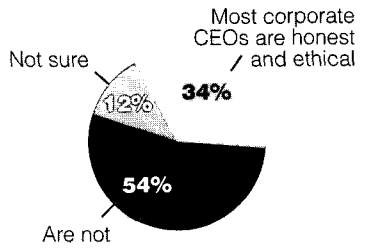
People don't have high opinions of the ethical standards of CEOs. Fifty-four percent believe most CEOs are not honest. Tempering this negativity is the widespread belief that the CEOs and financial officers at people's own companies are honest. Despite reservations about big business, Americans continue to be skeptical about new federal government activity in this area.

Question: Which of the following comes closest to your point of view...?



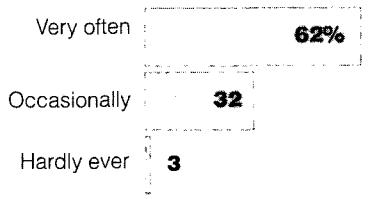
Source: NBC News/*Wall Street Journal*, July 2002.

Question: In general, do you think...?



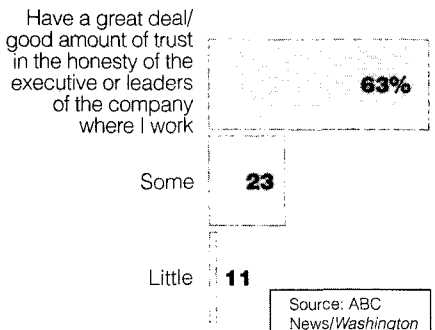
Source: Fox News/Opinion Dynamics, July 2002.

Question: There's been a lot of news recently about individuals and corporations committing white collar crimes to make a dishonest profit for themselves and their companies. How often do you think this happens?



Note: In 1985, when this question was asked, the responses were similar.
Source: CBS News, July 2002.

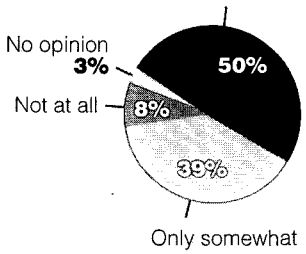
Question: Overall, how much trust...?



Source: ABC News/*Washington Post*, July 2002.

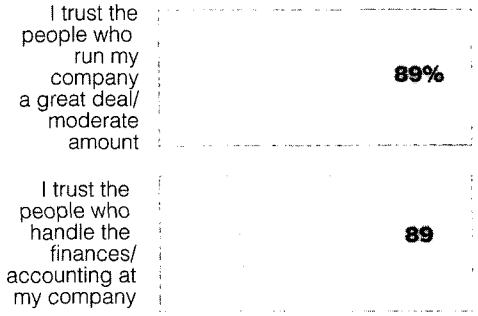
Question: How much do you personally...?

Trust my company a lot to keep its promises to me and other employees



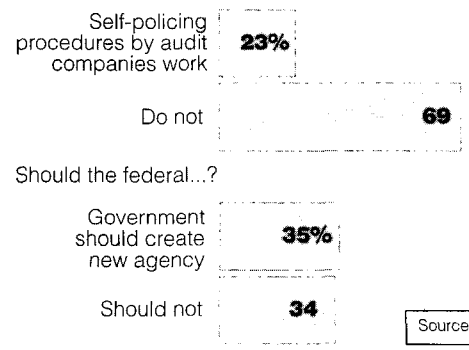
Source: The Gallup Organization for CNN and *USA Today*, January 2002.

Question: How much would you say...?



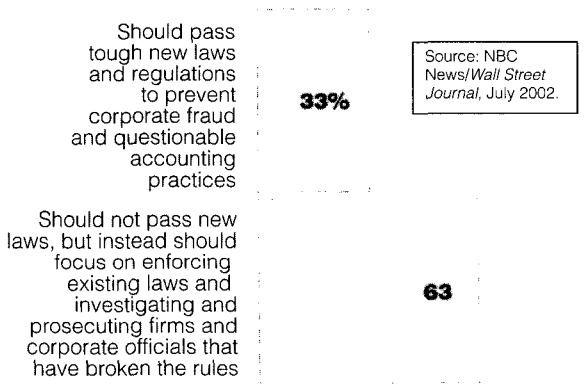
Source: The Gallup Organization and UBS, June 2002.

Question: Big auditing companies like Arthur Andersen have self-policing procedures in place to make sure that their accounting practices follow certain ethical and legal standards. As you may know, Arthur Andersen approved Enron's financial statements and then the company failed. In your opinion, do...?



Source: Ipsos-Reid, January 2002.

Question: Which statement do you agree with more concerning current corporate accounting scandals: The President and Congress...?



Source: NBC News/*Wall Street Journal*, July 2002.

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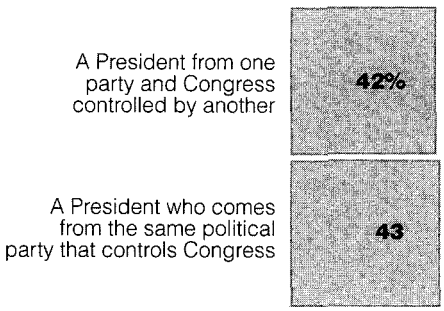
Two Cheers for Divided Government

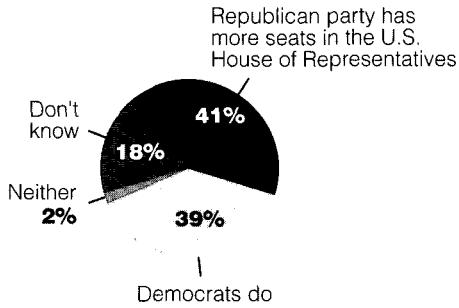
Divided control of government in Washington has been the rule for most of the past 50 years, and Americans appear to like it that way. When the pollsters ask about divided government in general terms, people are split. But when pollsters raise the issue of checks and balances, people prefer divided government. Several pollsters have asked questions about the issue of leadership during wartime. People prefer divided government in this circumstance, too.

Question: Do you think it is better for the country to have...?



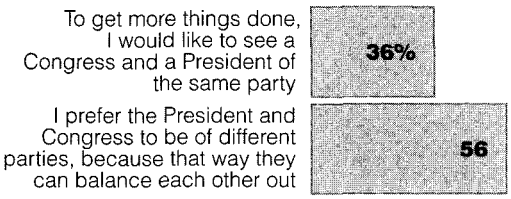
Source: The Gallup Organization for CNN and *USA Today*, April 2002.

Question: As far as you know, as of now, ...?



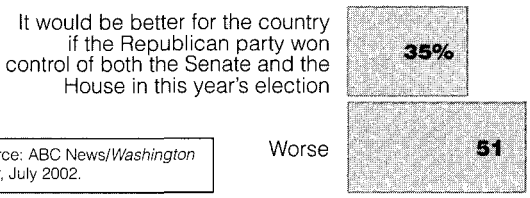
Souce: CBS News/*New York Times*, January 2002.

Question: Which of the following statements is closer to your point of view...?



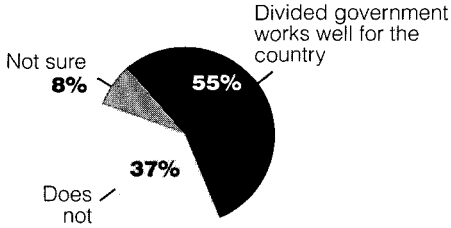
Source: The Tarrance Group and Lake, Snell & Perry, June 2002.

Question: As you may know, the control of Congress is currently divided, with Democrats controlling the Senate and Republicans controlling the House of Representatives, while a Republican is President. Do you think...?



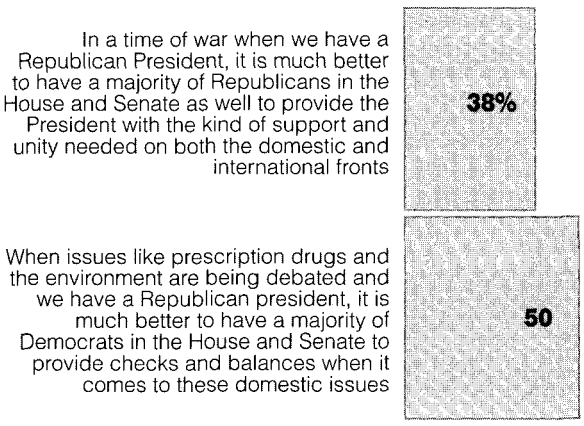
Source: ABC News/*Washington Post*, July 2002.

Question: As you may know, the Congress and the Presidency are controlled by different parties. Do you think...?



Souce: NBC News/*Wall Street Journal*, December 1999.

Question: Now I'm going to read you a couple of statements. Which one comes closest to your point of view...?



Source: NBC News/*Wall Street Journal*, July 2002.

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the Mail

As a retired professor and former department chair at a state university, I was particularly interested in *The American Enterprise*'s issue on higher education (September).

None of the articles, however, mentioned the dumbing down of college curricula and grade inflation that began in the 1960s. We haven't been able to accept since that time that college is not for everyone.

In reality, only one in four American jobs requires a bachelor's degree or more. We have many more institutions of "higher learning" than we need. Federal funding has been a gravy train for diploma mills that will admit anyone with a pulse. Faculties at many colleges are pressured not to flunk anyone in order to maintain cash flow.

As a result, college diplomas from all but the most elite institutions have become less valuable. The situation needs to change.

James R. Pullen
St. Louis, Missouri

James Forman's "Great Expectations" (BIRD'S EYE, September) is an elitist's idea of what life should be like if it rained college degrees. Some folks are just not college material.

Bill Lynch
Miller Place, New York

I was interested to read James Glassman's piece advocating an end to taxes on shareholders' dividends (FORWARD OBSERVER, September). I agree that double taxation of dividends should be eliminated but I believe it would be better to eliminate it by allowing corporations to pay dividends out of pre-tax earnings. This way, individual stockholders who reap benefits from dividend income would still pay taxes on it, while the corporations would have a greater incentive to pay dividends.

Furthermore, this would avoid making individual tax returns even harder to complete, unlike Glassman's proposal. Individuals should make decisions on the basis of the expected returns on investment; not on what types of income the government thinks are "good" or "bad."

Marshall St. Clair
West Hartford, Connecticut

I am troubled by the increase in anti-Semitism in America, and I am appreciative of your coverage of this subject ("Left Wing Anti-Semitism on Campus," September). You might want to look at anti-Semitism from the Right as well.

David Werber
New York, New York

Thank you for citing Ameritrade in "Who's Afraid of Investing?" (BIRD'S EYE, July/August).

I would like to add that individual investors have a large role in making the American financial markets as strong and resilient as they are. To satisfy these investors, public companies will need to ensure a high degree of transparency, adequate communication, and the highest ethical standards of corporate governance.

This will rebuild investor confidence and produce a stronger market than before. Our experience has shown that self-directed investors find opportunities regardless of conditions.

Joe Moglia
CEO, Ameritrade Holding Corporation

I was disappointed to read "Killing Buffalo?" by Matthew Carolan (SCAN, July/August). It offered the usual stereotypes about the gaming industry.

The commercial casino industry is primarily made up of publicly traded companies that answer to many state regulators, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and their own shareholders. While the American Gaming Association does not take a position on gambling expansion or on Indian gaming issues, we can agree with Mr. Carolan on one point: It should be up to the citizens of New York and other states to decide whether or not they want to have a casino.

Frank J. Fahrenkopf, Jr.
President, American Gaming Association

Don Feder's "Wimps, Whiners, and Weenies: Men in Movies Today," (July/August) lists Mel Gibson as an example of "imported on-screen testosterone." Gibson was born in New York and didn't move to Australia until he was 12. So he is an American native, not really an Australian.

Thomas Riddle
Edmond, Oklahoma

The American Enterprise welcomes your comments. Send e-mail to TAE@aei.org. Or write "The Mail," The American Enterprise, 1150 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Or fax (202) 862–5867. Please include your address and phone number. Published letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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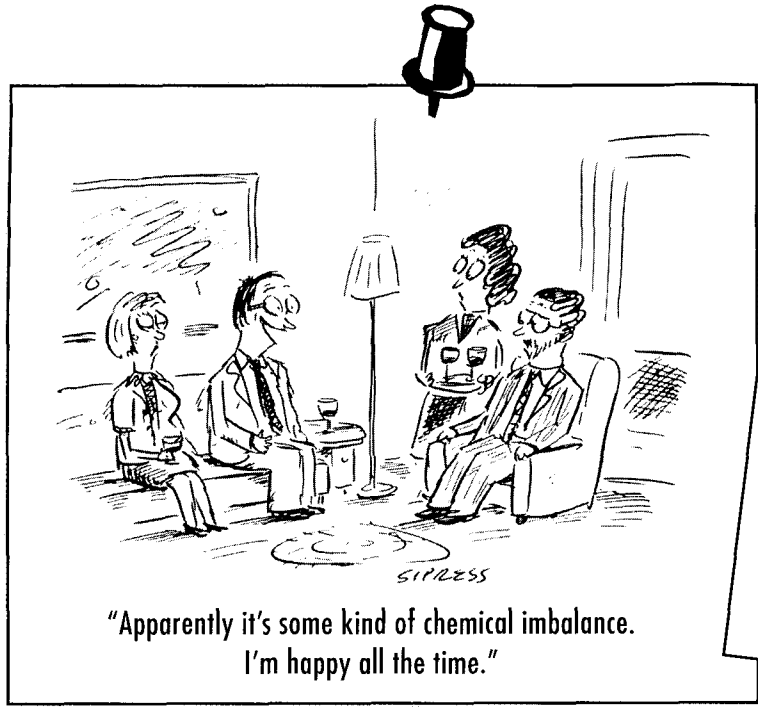

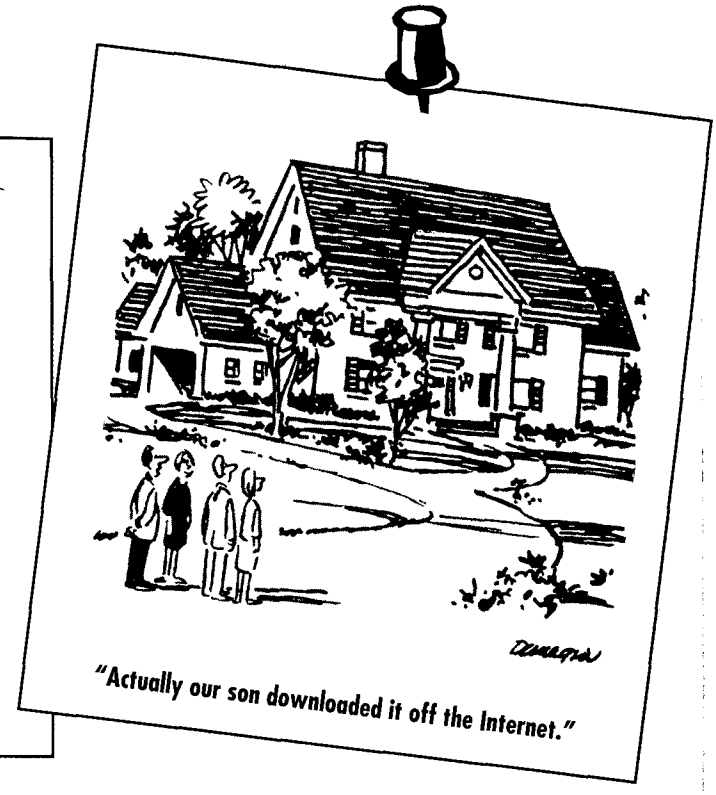

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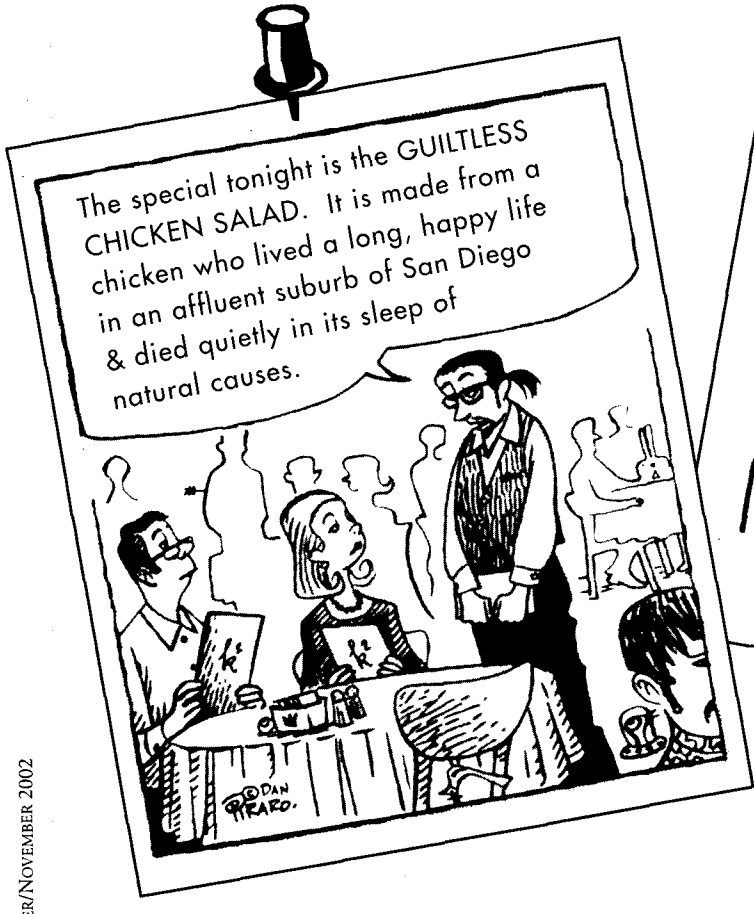

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If it's important, it's on

Think TANK

with

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WE HAVE THE SAME HEROES.
TEACHERS WHO INSPIRE.
WE LIVE WHERE YOU LIVE.™

To help his class understand the role old Route 66 played in the past, Mr. Walk's students created murals, brochures and interviewed residents, which helped them experience a part of local history. State Farm is proud to present Fred Walk with the Good Neighbor Teacher Award and also donate $10,000 to Normal Community High School in Normal, Illinois.

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